

THE PARADISE

OF DAINTIE DEVICES.

*Containyng sundrie pitbie preceptes, learned
Counsailes and excellent Inventions: right
pleasant and profitable for all states.*

Devised and written for the most parte, by M. EDWARDS,
sometime of her Maiesties Chappell: the rest by sun-
dry learned Gentlemen, both of Honor and
Worship, whose names here-
after followe.



AT LONDON,

*Printed by Robert Walde-graue, for Ed-
ward White, dwelling neere the little North-doore
of Pauls Church, at the signe of the Gun.
Anno. 1585.*

PHOT. 16. 454 13659

PARADISE

OF THE DEVISED



*The names of those who wrote
these Deuises.*

Sain& Barnard.
E. O.
Lorde Vaux, the elder.
W. Hunis.

Jasper Heiwood.
F. Kindlemarthe.
D. Sande.
M. Yloop.





To the right honourable Syr Henry
Compton Knight, Lord Compton
of Compton.



Rght Honourable, and my very good Lord
(presuming vpon your courtesie) I am bold to
present vnto your honour, this small Volume,
enticuled, *The Paradise of daintie Deuises*, beyng
penned by diuerse learned Gentlemen, and col-
lected together through the trauayle of one
both of worship and credite, for his priuate vse:
who not long since departed this life, whiche
when I had perused ouer, not without the ad-
uise of sondry of my frendes, I determined by their good motion to set
them in Print, who thereunto greatly perswaded me, with these and
like wordes. The writers of them, were both of honour and worship,
besides that, our owne Countrey-men, and such as for their learning
and grauitie, might be accompted of among the wisest. Furthermore,
the ditties both pithie and pleasaunt, as well for the Inuention as Mee-
ter, and will yeld a farre greater delight, beyng as they are, so aptly made
to be set to any song in fitt partes, or song to Instrument. Which well
considering, I purposed not to forsake so good an occasion, beseeching
your honour to accept in good part, chiefly for the Authours sakes:
who though some of them are departed this life, yet their worthy do-
ings shall continue for euer, for like as the shadow followeth the body, so
praye followeth vertue, and as the shadow goeth sometymes be-
fore, and sometymes behinde, so doth prayse also to vertue: but
the later it commeth, the greater it is, and to bee the
better esteemed. Thus fearing to offend your
Honour with these my rude speeches,
I ende, wishyng your Lordshyp
many yeares of ioye.

Your good Lordships wholy to
commande H. Dizle.

The Paradise
The translation of the blessed S. Bernardes
 Verbes, conteinyng the vnstable felicitie
 of this wayfaring world.

*Cum mundus militat, sub vana gloria, cuius prosperitas est transitoria
 Tam cito labitur, eius potentia quam vasa figuli, quæ sunt fragilia.*



W^h doth eche state applie it selfe to wozldly prayes?
 And vntertake such toyle, to heape vp honours gaine.
 W^hose seate though seeming sure, on sickle Fortune stapes,
 W^hose gifter were neuer proued, perpetuall to remaine,
 But euen as ye arthen pot, with euerie fillip failes,
 So Fortune scourge flies, and Fame with Honour quails.

*Plus crede litteris, scriptis in glacie, quam mundi fragilis, vana fallacia,
 Fallax in premiis, virtutis specie, quæ nunquam habuit, tempus fiducia.*

Thinke rather firme to finde, a figure grauen in Ise,
 W^hose substance subiect is, to heate of shyning sunne,
 Then hope for Redfall stay, in wanton wozldes deuise,
 W^hose feigned sonde delightes, from falsheades soze doe come,
 And vnder vertues veile are largely dealt about,
 Deceiuing those, who thinke their date will out.

*Magis credendum est, viris fallacibus, quam mundi miseris prosperitatibus,
 Falsis insaniis & voluptatibus, falsisque studiis & vanitatibus.*

The trisely truthlesse tongue of rumours lyping lippes,
 Deserues moze trust then doth the highest happie bay,
 That wozld to wozldlinges giues, for see how honour slippes,
 To foolish sonde conceiptes, to pleasures poisoned sap,
 To studies false in prooffe, to artes applied to game,
 To sickle fancies toyes, which wisdome deemeth vaine.

*Dic ubi Salomon, olim tam nobilis, vel ubi Sampson est, dux invincibilis,
 Vel daleis Ionathas, multum amabilis, vel pulcher Absolon, vultu mirabilis.*

W^here is the sacred kyng, that Salomon the wise?
 W^hose wisdome former time of buettie did commend,
 W^here is that Sampson strong, that monstrous man in size?
 W^hose foyned arme did cause the nightie pillers bend,

where

of daintie Deuises.

Where is the Pearlelike Prince, the frendly Jonathan:

D^r Absolon whose shape and saueur did surpass.

*Quò Cesar abiit? celsus imperio, vel diues splendidus, totus in prauis,
Dic ubi Tullius, clarus eloquio, vel Aristoteles, summus ingenio.*

where is that Cesar now, whose high renowned name:

Of sondry conquestes worne, throughout the world did sound:

D^r Dines riche in stoe, and riche in richely name,
whose chest with gold, and dishe with dainties did abound,

where is the passing grace of Tullies pleading skill?

D^r Aristotles vaine, whose penne had witte and will.

O esca verminum, ò massa pulueris, ò ros, ò vanitas, cur sic extolleris?

Ignoras penitus vitrum et as vixeris, fac bonum omnibus, quam diu poteris.

O foode of filchy woyme, oh lompe of lothsome clay,

O life full like the dew, which meyning soone doth wast,

O shadow vaine whose shape, with sunne doth shrinke away,

why gloriest thou so much, in honour to be platt?

Sich that no certaine houre of life thou doest enioy,

Wost fit it were, thy time in goodnesse to employ.

*Quem breuis festum est, hac mundi gloria, ut umbra hominum, sic eius gaudia,
Qua semper subtrahit aeterna premia, & ducunt hominum, ad dura denia,*

How shote a banquet, seemes the pompe of high renowned

How like the sencelesse shape of shiuering shadowes chint

Are wanton worldly toyes, whose pleasure plucketh downe,

Our hartes from hope, and handes from workes, which heauen should win,

And takes vs from the trode, which guides to endlesse gaine,

And sets vs in the way, that leades to lasting paine,

*Hac mundi gloria, qua magni penditur, sacris in litteris, flos ferri dicitur,
Vt lenis folium, quod vento rapitur, sic vita hominum, hac vita tollitur.*

The pompe of worldly prayse, which worldlings hold so deare,

In holy sacred booke, is likened to a flower,

whose date doth not containe, a weeke, a month, or yeare,

But springing now doth fade againe within an hower,

And as the lightest leafe, with winde about is blowne,

So light is life of man, and lightly hence is blowne.

FINIS. *My lucke is losse.*

A.iii.

1. Our

The Paradise

1. *Our pleasures are but vanities,*

BEhold the blast, which blowes the blossomes from the tree,
The end whereof, consumes and comes to nought we see:
Ere thou therfore, be blowne from life that may not last,
Begin for grace to call, for time mispent and past.

*Have minds on brittle life, whose pleasures are but bayne,
On death likewise bethinke, how thou shalt not remaine:
And feare thy Lord to greene, which sought thy soule to saue,
To sinne no more be bent, but mercy aske and haue.*

*For death who doth not spare, the kinges on earth to kill,
Shall reape also from thee, thy pleasure, life and will:
That life which yet remaines, and in thy brest appears,
Hath sowne in thee such seedes, you ought to weede with teares.*

*And life that shall successe, when death is woyn and past,
Shall spring for ever then, in top of payne to last:
Where death on life, hath power ye see, that life also,
Hath mouen the fruites of death, which neuer more shall grow.*

FINIS, W. HUNN.

2. *Who waigheeth on this wauering world, and wemeth ech estate,
By triall taught shall learne it best, to liue in simple rate.*

ASid the vale the slender shubbe, is hid from all mishap,
When taller tree that standes aloft, is rent with thunder clap:
The turrets tops which touche the cloudes, are beat with euery blast,
Soone shiuered are their cones with storme, and quickly ouercast.
Best bodied tree in all the wood, for timber beame is found,
And to be are the sturdiest oke, both yeld and fall to ground:
The highest hill doth soonest feele, the flash of lightnings flame,
And soone decays the pompe and pride, of high renowned name.
Of all the heard the huntman seeks, by prooue as doth appeare,
With double forked arrow head, to wounde the greatest Deare:
The haughtiest head of all the ojoue, enioyest the shorrest life,
And stains the slaughter house with blood, at pricke of Butchers knife,
Thus what thing highest place attaines, is soone ouerthrowne,
What euer fortune sets aloft, she threatens to throw it downe.

And

of daintie Deuises.

And though no force resist thy power, and seeke thee to confounde,
 Yet doth the paffe of waigher things, decline it selfe to grounde.
 For restlesse tipe of rotolling wheele, example hath it tride,
 To heauie burden peelo it must, still soone and slippe aside:
 What vailles the riche h.s bed of Doune, the sighes for sleepleesse thought,
 What time in couche of flocke, the poore, sleepes sound and feareth nought
 At homely doozde his quiet foote, his drinke in treene he tane,
 When oft the proude in cuppes of golde, with wine receiue their bane:
 The bed, the doozd, they dreaw in doubt, with traine to be apprest:
 When fortune frownes, their power must peelo, as wire vnto the wress.
 Who so thou be that sits alowr, and tread the vallerpes pathr,
 Thou needes not feare the Thunder, boltes of mightie Ioue his wraethe:
 If Icarus had not presumed too high, to take his flight,
 He had not yet bene drownded in Seas, that now Icarian hight,
 If Phaeton had not enterprised, to guide his fathers seate,
 His fiers had not inflamed the worlde, nor beene destroyed with heate:
 But who so climes aboute the meane, there is no hope of stay,
 The higher vp, the sooner downe, and neerer his decay.
 Then you that here in pompe are plaste, to guide the golden mace,
 Let Crowne and Scepter both obay, the meane of vertuers race:
 For neither shal renowned vertue, see the pisse of hell,
 Nor yet in tombe of Marble stone, she shall abide to dwell.
 And in that tombe full brauerly deckte, when that she shall depart,
 God sende her rest and all thinges well, according to desarte:
 But from Sepulcher flies she hence, beyond the skies aboue,
 And glistering in the blisfull starres, she raignes with mighty Ioue.

FINIS. Iasper Heiwood.

3. The perfect trial of a faithfull friend.

NOt staid state, but feeble state, not costly robes, but bare arais,
 Not passed wealth, but present want, not heaped store, but slender skant
 Not plenties purse, but poore estate, not happy hap, but froward fate:
 Not wish at will, but want of ioy, not hearts good health, but hearts anoy.
 Not freedoms vse, but prisoners thral, not costly seate, but lowest fall:
 Not weale I meane but wretched woe, doth cruelly trie the friend from foe:
 And naught but froward fortune proues, who sauning feines, or simply
loues,

FINIS. M. Tloop.

The Paradise

4. Being asked the occasion of his white head,
he answereth thus.

Where sighing sighes, and sorrow sobbes,
Hath staine the slippes that Nature set,
And scalding showres, with stonie rhobbes,
The kindly sappe from them hath set,
What wonder then though that you see,
Upon my head white heares to be,

Uther thoughte hath childe and chytune his speares,
To hurt the heart that harmeth him not,
And growning grieke hath ground sooth teares,
Wyne eyne to stayne, my face to spot,
What wonder then though that you see,
Upon my head white heares to be.

Uther pinching paine himselfe hath plasse,
There peace with pleasures were possesse,
And where the walles of wealthye wasse,
And pouertie in them is ppest,
What wonder then though that you see,
Upon my head white heares to be.

Uther wretched woe will weane her webbe,
Uther care the clewe can cathe and cast,
And flouds of ioy are fallen to ebbe,
So loe, that life may not long last,
What wonder then though that you see,
Upon my head white heares to be.

These heares of age are messengers,
which bid me fast, repent and praie:
They be of death the Harbingers,
That doth prepare and dress the way,
wherefore I hope that you may see,
Upon my head such heares to be.

They

of daintie Deuises.

They be the lines that lead the length,
How farre my race is for to runne:
They say my youth is fled with strength,
And how old age is weake begunne:
The which I feele, and you may see,
Upon my head such lines to bee.

They be the stringes of sober sounde,
Whose Musicke is harmonickall:
Their tunes declare a time from grounde,
I came, and how thereto I shall:
Wherefoze I tope that you may see,
Upon my head such stringes to bee.

God graunt to those that white beares haue,
No woele them take then I haue ment:
That after they be layed in graue,
Their soules may tope their liues well spent,
God graunt likewise that you may see,
Upon your head such beares to bee.

FINIS. W.H.

5. Beware of had I wist.

Beware of had I wist, whose fine bynges care and smart,
Esteeme of all as they deserue, and be me as becomde thou art:
So shall thy perfect frend, enioy his hoped hire,
And faithlesse fauynge foe shall misse, th'effect of his desire:
Good will shall haue his gayne, and hate shall heape despight,
A faithlesse frend shall finde distrust, and loue shall reape delight:
Thy selfe shall rest in peace, thy frend shall tope thy fate,
Thy foe shall fret at thy good happe, and I shall tope thy state:
But this my fond aduise, may seeme perchaunce but wayne,
As rather teaching how to lose, then how a frend to gayne:
But this not my intent, to teach to finde a frende,
But safely how to loue and liue, is all that I intende:
And if you proue in part, and finde my counsell true,
Then with me well for my good will, tis all I craue aduo,

FINIS, My lucke is losse.

B.i.

6. My

The Paradise

6. *M. Edwardes May.* viii. infra. p. 31.

When May is in his prime, then may eche hart reioyce,
When May bedeckes ech branch with greene, eche bird streines forth
The liuely sap creeper vp, into the bloming thorne, (his voyce:
The flowres which cold in prison kept, now laughes the frost to scoone:
All Natures Impes triumphes, whiles ioyfull May doth last,
When May is gone of all the yeare, the pleasaunt time is past.

May makes the chearefull hie, May breeds and brings new blood,
May marcheth throughout euery lim, May makes the mery mood:
May pricketh tender hartes, their warbling notes to tune,
Full straunge it is, yet some we see, do make their May in Iune:
Thus thinges are straungely wrought, whiles ioyfull May doth last,
Take May in time, when May is gone, the pleasaunt time is past.

All ye that liue on earth, and haue your May at will,
Reioyce in May, as I doe now, and vse your May with skill:
Use May while that you may, for May hath but his time,
When all the fruite is gone, it is to late the Tree to clime:
Your liking and your lust, is fresh whiles May doth last,
When May is gone, of all the yeare, the pleasaunt time is past.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

7. *Fayre wordes make fooles fayne.*

In youthfull yeares, when first my young desires began,
To picke me forth, to serue in court, a slender tall young man:
My fathers blessing then, I asked vpon my knee,
Who blessing me with trembling hand, these wordes gan say to me:
My sonne, God guide thy way, and shield thee from mischaunce,
And make thy iust desertes in Court, thy pooze estate to aduance:
Yet when thou art become, one of the Courtly trayne,
Thinke on this Prouerbe old (quoth he) that faire wordes make fooles fayne.

This counsell granelly giuen, most straunge appeares to me,
Till tract of time with open eyes, had made me plainly see:
That subtil sleights are wrought, by painted tales deuise,
When hollow hartes with frendly netwes, the simple do entise,
To thinke all gold that shines, to serue their fond desire,

Whole

of daintie Deuises.

Whose shining cold is warme with smoke, in seed of flaming fire:
 Such talke of tickle trust, doth breed a hope most vaine,
 This prouerb true by pposse I find, that saye wordes make foolesaine.

Saye speech alway doth well, where deedes inue faire wordes,
 Faire speech againe alway doth euill, that bushes giue for birdes:
 Who hopes to haue saye wordes, to trie his luckie lot,
 If I may counsell, let him strike it while the Iron is hot.
 But them that feed on cloddies, in seed of pleasant grapes,
 And after warning often giuen, for better lucke still gape:
 Full loath I am, yet must I tell them in wordes plaine,
 This prouerb old proues true in them, that faire wordes make foolesaine.

Who worth the time, that wordes so slowly turne to deedes,
 Who worth the time that saye sweet flowres, are growne to rotten weedes:
 But chuse wo worth the time, that truth alway is seen,
 Wherein I see how simple hartes, with wordes are vainely seen.
 Trust not saye wordes therefore, where no deedes do inue,
 Trust wordes as skilfull Falkners do, trust Hawkes that neuer flue:
 Trust deedes, let wordes be wordes, which neuer wrought me gaine,
 Let my experience make you wise, and let wordes make foolesaine.

FINIS M. Edwards.

8. In his extreame sickness.

What grieues my bones, and makes my bodyaine?
 What prickes my flesh, and teares my head in twaine:
 Why do I wake, when rest should me attaine?
 When others laugh, why do I lue in paine?
 I cosse, I turne, I chaunge from side to side,
 And stretch me oft, in sorrowes linkes betide.

I cosse, as one betost in waues of care,
 I turne, to lie the woer of loathsome life:
 I chaunge, to spie if death this corpes might spare,
 I stretch to heauen, to rid me of this strife.
 Thus do I stretch, and chaunge, and cosse, and turne,
 While I in hope of heauen, my life do burne.

Then hold thee still, let be thy heauinesse.

B.ii.

Abolish

The Paradise

Abolish care, forget thy pining woe:
For by this meanes, lone shalt thou find reuerse,
When oft betost, hence thou to heauen must goe.
Then tolle and tourne, and tumble franke and free,
O happie chylde, when thou in heauen shalt be.

FINIS L. VANX.

9. For Christmas day.

Reioyce, reioyce, with hart and voyce,
In Christes byrth this day reioyce.

From virgins wombe this day did spring,
The precious seed that onely saued man:
This day let man reioyce and sweetly sing,
Since on this day saluation first began.
This day did Christ mans soule from death remoue,
With glorious saintes to dwell in heauen aboue.

This day to man, came pledge of perfect peace,
This day to man, came loue and vnity:
This day mans griefe, began for to surcease,
This day did man receiue a remedy,
For ech offence, and euery deadly sin,
With giltie hart, that erst he wandred in.

In Christes flocke, let loue be surely plasie,
From Christes flocke, let concord hate expell:
Of Christes flocke, let loue be so embasie,
As we in Christ, and Christ in vs may dwell.
Christ is the authour of vnity,
From whence proceedeth all felicity.

O sing vnto, this glittering glorious king,
O praise his name, let euery liuing thing:
Let hart and voyce, like Belles of siluer ring,
The comfozt that, this day did bring.
Let Lute, let Shalme, with sound of sweet deliight,
The toy of Christes birth this day resight.

FINIS F. Kandlemarke.

of daintie Deuises.

10. For Easter day.

AL moztall men this day reioyce, in Chriſt that you redeemed haue,
By death with death ſing we with voyce, to him that hath appeale
Gods wrath:

Due vnto man for ſinfull path, wherein beſore he went aſtray,
Giue thanks to him with perfect faith, that for mankind hath made this
(gloziouſ day.

This day he roſe from tombe againe, wherein his precious coyle was layd,
Whom cruelly the Jewes had ſlaine, with bloody woundes full ill arayd:
O man be now no more diſmaid, if thou henceſooth from ſinne do ſtay,
Of death thou needeſt not to be aſtrayd, Chriſt conquered death for this his
(gloziouſ day.

His death preuayled had no whit, as Paule the Apoſtle well doth write,
Except he had vpiſed it, from death to life by godlike might:
Which moſt triumphant glittering light,
This daie his gloyp ſhined I ſay, and made vs bright as ſunne this gloziouſ
day.

O man ariſe with Chriſt therefore, ſince he from ſin hath made thee free,
Beware thou fall in ſinne no more, but riſe as Chriſt did riſe for thee:
So mayeſt thou him in gloyp ſee, when he at day of doome ſhall ſay,
Come thou my child and dwell with me, God graunt vs all to ſee that glozi-
(ouſ day.

FINIS Ieſper Heiwood.

11. For Whiſſonday.

Come holy Ghoſt eternall God, and eaſe the woſfull grieſe,
That through the heapes of heauy ſinne, can no where ſind relieſe:
Doe thou O God redreſſe,
The great diſtreſſe,
Of ſinfull heauineſſe.

Come comfozt the afflicted thoughtes, of my conſumed hart,
O rid the pearcing pinching paines, of my tormenting ſmart:
O holy Ghoſt graunt me,
That I by thee,
From ſinne may purged be.

B.iii.

That

The Paradise

Thou art my God, to thee alone I will commend my cause,
No glittering gold no precious stone, shall make me leave thy lawes:
Teach me then the way,
Whereby I may,
Take thee my onely say.

My tippes, my congue, my hart and all, shall spread thy mighty name,
My voyce shall neuer cease to sound, the praises of the same:
Pea every living thing,
Shall sweetly sing,
To thee (O heauenly king.)

FINIS F. Kuddlemarsh.

12. No pleasure without some payne.

Sweet were the toyes, that both might like and last,
Strange were the state, exempt from all distresse,
Happie the life, that no mishap should taint:
Blessed the chaunce, might neuer chaunge successe,
Where such a life to lead, or state to proue,
Who would not wishe, that such a life were loue.

But O the sowzie sauce of sweet desire,
When pleasures flie, and flie with wast of wind:
The trustlesse traines, that hoping harts allure,
When sweet delights, do but allure the minde.
When care consumes, and wastes the wretched wight,
While fancie feedes, and draws of her delight.

What life were loue, if loue were free from paine?
But O that paine, with pleasure matcht should meet:
Why did the course, of Nature so ordaine,
That sugred sowze, must sauce the bitter sweet?
Which sowze from sweet, might any meanes remoue,
What hap, what heauen, what life were like to loue?

FINIS W. Hamis.

13. Who

of daintie Deuises.

13. *Who myndes to bring his Shippe to happy shore,
Must care to know the Lawes of wisdomes love.*

My friend, if thou wilt credite me in ought,
To whom the truth, by triall well appears:
Nought wozch is wis, till it be dearely bought,
There is no wisdom, but in hoarie heares:
Yet if I may, of wisdom oft define,
As well as others haue of happinesse:
Then to my wordes, my friend thy care incline,
The thinges that make thee wise, are these I gesse.

Feare God, and know thy selfe in ech degree,
Be friend to all, familiar but to few:
To light of credite, see thou neuer bee,
For triall ought, in trust doth treason shew:
To others faulces, cast not to much thy eye,
Accuse no man of guilt, amende thy owne:
Of meddling much, doth mischief ought arise,
And oft debate, by tickle tongue is sowne.

What thing thou wilt haue bin, to none declare,
In word or deed, beware of bad I wis:
So spend thy good, that some thou euer spare,
For frendes like Haukes, do soare from emptie fill:
Cut out thy coate, accordyng to thy cloth,
Suspected persons, see thou alwayes flee:
Beleeue not him, that once hath broke his troth,
Nor yet of gift, without desert be free.

Time quickly slippes, beware how thou it spend,
Of wanton youth, repentes a painfull age:
Begin nothing, without an eye to th'end,
Nor how thine eare, from counsaile of the sage:
If thou to farre, let out thy fancie slip,
And witlesse will, from reasons rule outstart:
Thy folly shall at length be made thy whip,
And soze the stripes of shame shall cause thee smart.

The Paradise

To doe to much for old men is but lost,
Of friendship haue to women comes like gaynes:
Bestow not thou on children to much cost,
For what thou doest for these, is all in vayne:
The old man or he can requite, he dies,
Unconstant is the womans wauering minde:
Full soone the boy thy friendship will despise,
And him for loue, thou shalt vngratefull finde.

The aged man is like the barraine ground,
The woman like the reede that wagges with winde:
There may no trust in tender yeares be found,
And of the thee, the boy is most vkinde:
If thou haue founde a faithfull friend in deede,
Beware thou lose not loue of such a one:
He shall sometime stand thee in better deede,
Then treasure great, of gold or precious stone.

FINIS. Iasper Herwood.

14. Of the vnconstant stay of Fortunes gifts.

If Fortune be thy stay, thy state is very tickle,
She beares a double face, disguised, false and tickle:
This day she seemes to smile, to morrow will she frowne,
What now she sets aloft, anon she throweth downe:
If Fortune she deceipt, let Vertue be thy guide,
If that you doe intende, in happy state to abide.

Upon the settled rocke, thy building surely standes,
Away it quickly weares, that resteth on the sandes:
Dame Vertue is the rocke, that yeldes assured stay,
Dame Fortune is the sande, that scoureth soone away:
Chose that is certaine, let thinges vncertaine passe,
Preferre the precious gold, before the brittle glasse.

Slip Fortune hath her sleights, she playes vpon the packe,
Locke whom she fauours most, at length she turnes to wacke:

But

of daintie Deuises.

But Vertue simply deales, she shuns deceפטfull traine.
Who is by Vertue raised vp, shall neuer fall againe:
Strike fast to Vertue then, that giues assured trust,
And fly from Fortunes trickes, that euer proue vntrust.

FINIS. F. K.

15. *Promise is debt.*

In my account, the promise that is vowed,
Among the good, is holden such a debt:
As he is thought, no whit to be allowed,
That setteth light, his promise to forget:
And for my part, I will not linke in loue,
With suchlike folke, whose fancies ought remoue.

By happy gayne, I doe esteeme for such,
As few haue founde, in these our doubtfull dayes:
To finde a friend, I thinke it be as much,
As to win a foie, full fraught of noble playes:
Of all the goodes, that there may be posses,
A faithfull friend, I iudge to be the best.

O friendly league, although to late begun,
Yet time shall crye, our troth as well imploied:
And that we both, shall see that we haue don,
Such fastned sayth, as can not be destroyed:
By enuious rage, or slaunders bitter blow,
That alwayes seekes the good to ouerthrow.

FINIS. R. Hill.

16. *No wordes, but deedes.*

The wrong is great, the payne aboue my power,
That yeldes such care, in doubtfull dens to dwome:
Such hap is hard, where Fortune doth so lower,
As friendly looke, is touned to stoward frowne.

C. i.

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The Paradise

As this the trust, that faithfull frendes can finde
With those that yet haue promise broke?
By deedes in doubt, as though no wordes can binde,
A vowed friend, to hold him to his yoke.

O faithlesse friend, what can assure your minde?
That doubteth so soone, before you haue cause why?
To what hard hap, doth Fortune here me binde,
When wordes not deedes, can no where satisfie:
What can I write: that hath not oft bene sayd,
What haue I sayd: that hath not bene affirmd:
What not approued: that ought to be assayed,
O what is vowed: that shall not be performd.

Cast of mistrust, in hast no credite giue,
To this or that, that breedeth frendes vaine:
No doubt at all, but trust me if I liue,
My deedes shall proue, that all is for the best:
And this beleue, the sea shall cease to flow,
The sunne to shine, within the seclen skie:
All thinges on earth, shall leaue to spring and grow,
Ere every soule, shall want his winges to flie.

Care I in thought, shall seme once to retire,
If you my friend, remaine as I desire:
From lose no time, but vse that while you may,
Forget not this, a Dogge shall haue a day.

FINIS. R. D.

17. He desireth exchange of life.

The day delayed, of that I most doe wish,
Wherewith I feede, and starue in one degree:
With wish and want, still serued in one dish,
A line as dead, by ppoofe as you may see:
To whom of old, this Prouerbe well it serues,
While grasse doth grow, the silly houle he serues:

Twene

of daintie Deuises.

Twene these extremes, thus doe I come the race,
Of my poore life, this certainly I know:
Twene woulde and want, vnwaresly that doe passe,
Hoze swift then shot, out of the Archers bow:
As Spيدر draws her line all day,
I watch the net, and others haue the pray.

And as by prooffe, the greedy Dogge doth gnaw,
The bared bone, all onely for the tast:
So to and fro, this lothsome life I draw,
With fancies forst, and fed with vayne repast:
Narcissus brought, vnto the water bynke,
So aye thirst I, the moze that I doe bynke.

Loe thus I dye, and yet I seeme not sicke,
With smart vntene my selfe, my selfe I weare:
With pnone desire, and power that is not quicke,
With hope a lost, noty drenched in dyspayre:
Trayned in trust, for no reward assignde,
The moze I haile, the moze I come behinde.

With hurt to heale, in frozen Ale to frye,
With losse to laugh, this is a wonderous case:
Fast fettered here, is forst away to flye,
As hunted Hare, that Pound hath in the chase:
With winges and spurre, for all the haile I make,
As like to lose, as for to draw the stake.

The dayes be long, that hang vpon desert,
The life is irke of toyes that be delayed:
The time is hoze, for to requite the smart,
That doth procede, of promise long unpayed:
That to the last, of this my fainting breath,
I wish exchange of life, for happy death.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

The Paradise

18. *Of the instabilitie of youth,*

When I looke backe, and in my selfe behold,
The wandring wayes, that youth could not descry:
And marke the fearefull course, that youth did hold,
And met in mynde, ech step youth strayed awy:
My knees I bow, and from my hart I call,
O Lord forget, these faulces and folies all.

For now I see, how boyde youth is of skill,
I see also his Prime time and his ende:
I doe confesse my faulces and all my ill,
And sorrow soze, for that I did offende:
And with a minde, repentaunt of all crimes,
Pardon I aske for youth, ten thousand times.

The humble hart, hath daunted the proude minde,
The wisdome hath geuen ignozaunce a fall:
And wit hath taught, that follie could not finde,
And age hath youth, her subiect and her thrall:
Therefore I pray, O Lord of life and truth,
Pardon the faulces committed in my youth.

Thou that diudest graunt the wise king his request,
Thou that in the Whale, thy Prophet diudest preserue:
Thou that forgauest the wounding of thy best,
Thou that didst saue, the cheefe in state to serue:
Thou onely God, the giuer of all grace,
Wipe out of minde, the path of youtheys wayne race.

Thou that by power, to life didst rase the dead,
Thou that restorest the blind to perfect sight:
Thou that for loue, thy life and loue out bleed,
Thou that of fauour, madest the lame goe right:
Thou that canst heale, and helpe in all assayes,
Forgiue the gillt, that grew in youtheys wayne mayen.

And

of daintie Denises.

And now since I, with faith and doubtlesse minde,
Doe sue to thee, by prayer to appeale thy Ire:
And since that thee, I onely seek to finde,
And hope by faith, to attaine my iust desire:
Lord minde no more, pouthes error and vnskill,
And able age, to doe thy holy will.

FINIS. L. Vaux,

19. *Most happy is that state alone,
Where wordes and deedes agree in one.*

By painted wordes, the silly simple man,
To trustlesse trap, is trapp'd now and then:
And by conceipt, of sweete alluring eale,
He bites the baytes, that byrdes his bitter bale:
To beauties blaze, cast not thy rousing eye,
In pleasaunt greene, doe stinge Serpentes eye:
The golden Pill, hath but a bitter tast,
In glittering glasse, a popson rankest platt,
So pleasaunt wordes, without performing deedes,
May well be deemed, to spying of Darnell seedes:
The frendly verbe is it, that quickly tries,
Where trusty faith, and frendly meaning lies:
That state therfore, most happy seemes to bee,
Where wordes and deedes, most faithfully agree.

My frend if thou wilt keepe thy honest name,
Flee from the blot, of barking slaunders blame:
Let not in word, thy promise be more large,
Then thou in verbe, art willing to discharge:
Abhorred is that false dissembling broode,
That seemes to beare, two faces in one hood:
To say a thing, and not to meane the same,
Will turne at length, to losse of thy good name:
Wherefore my frend, let double dealing goe,
In stead wherof, let perfect plainnesse flow:

C.iii.

Dw

The Paradise

Doe thou no more, in idle wordes excede,
Then thou intendes, to doe in very dede:
So good report, shall spread thy worthy prayse,
For being iust, in word and dede alwayes.

You worldly wightes, that worldly doers are,
Befoze you let your word slip out to farre:
Consider well, what inconuenience springes,
By breach of promise made, in lawfull thinges:
First, God mislikes where such deceit doth swarme.
Next, it reboundeth vnto thy neighbours harme:
And last of all, which is not least of all,
For such offence, thy conscience suffer shall:
As barren groundes, bringes forth but rotten weedes,
From barren wordes, so fruitlesse chaffe proceedes:
As sauerie flowers, doe spring in fertill ground,
So trusty frendes, by triall some are found:
To shunne therfoze, the worst that may ensue,
Let deedes alway, approue thy sayings true.

FINIS. F.R.

*Who will aspire to dignitie:
20. By learning must aduanced be,*

The poore that liue in neede rate, by learning do great richesse gayne,
The rich that liue in wealthy state, by learning doe their wealth maine:
Thus rich and poore, are furthered still, (sayne:
By sacred rules of learned skill.

All fond conceiptes of franticke youth, the golden gift of learning kayes,
Of doubtfull thinges to search the truth, learning sets forth the ready wayes:
O happy him do I repute,
Whose heart is fraught with learning fruite.

There growes no corne within the field, that Oxe and plough did neuer till,
Right so the mynde no fruite can yeld, that is not lead by learninges skill:
Of ignorance cometh rotten weedes,
Of learning springes right noble deedes.

Like

of daintie Deuises.

Like as the Captaine hath respect, to trayne his souldiours in aray,
So learning doth mans mynde direct, by vertues staffe his life to stay:
Though frendes and Fortune waereth scant,
Yet learned men shall neuer want.

(chinges.

You impes therfore in youth be sure, to straughte your myndes with learned
For learning is the fountaine pure, out from the which all glory springes:
Who so therfore will glory win,
With learning first must needes begin.

FINIS F.Kindlemarsh,

21. *Mans flitting life findes surest stay:
Where sacred vertue beareth sway.*

The sturdy rocke for all his strength, by raging seas is rent in twaine.
The marble stone is pearst at length, with little drops of mylling raine:
The Ore doth yeld vnto the poke,
The Steele obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately stagge that seemes so stout, by yapping boundes at bay is set.
The swiftest bird that flies about, is caught at length in fowlers net:
The greatest fish in deepest brooke,
Is soone deceiued with subtileooke.

Pea man himselfe, vnto whose will, all chinges are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and woorthy skill, doth fade at length and fall away:
There is nothing, but time doth wast,
The Heauens, the Earth, consume at last.

But vertue lies triumphing still, vpon the throne of glorious fame,
Though spittfull death mans body kill, yet hurtes he not his vertuous name:
By life or death, what so betides,
The state of vertue, neuer slides.

FINIS. M.T.

22. *Noblyng*

The Paradise

22. *Nothing is comparable vnto a faithfull friend.*

Sith this our time, of friendship is so scant,
Sith friendship now, in euery place doth want:
Sith euery man, of friendship is so hollow,
As no man rightly knowes, which way to follow:
Cease not my Gule, cease not in these our dayes,
To ring loude peales, of sacred friendships prayle.

If men be now, their owne peculiar friends,
And to their neighbours friendship none pretends:
If men of friendship, shew them selues so bare,
And of their brethren, take no friendly care:
For beare not then my Gule, nor feare not then,
To ring disprayle, of these unfrendly men.

Dio man in friendship knowe the mightie power,
How great effectes, it worketh euery hower:
What force of hidden friendship it retaines,
How still it powreth forth abundant gaynes:
Shan would with thee, my Gule in these our dayes,
Ring out loude peales, of sacred friendships prayle.

Friendship releueth mans necessitie,
Friendship comforteth mans aduersitie:
Friendship augmenteth mans prosperitie,
Friendship preferres man to felicitie:
Then ring my Gule, ring out in these our dayes,
Ring out loude peales, of sacred friendships prayle.

Of friendship groweth loke and chastitie,
By friendship we are linked in amitie:
From friendship springeth all commoditie,
The fruite of friendship is fidelitie:
Oh ring my Gule, ring out in these our dayes,
Peale vpon peale, of sacred friendships prayle.

That man with man, true friendship may embrace,

That

of daintie Deuises.

That man to man, may shew a freendly face:
That euery man, may sow such freendly seedes,
As freendship may be found in freendly deedes.
And ioyne with thee my muse in these our vages,
To ring loud peales of sacred freendships prayse.

FINIS. F. Kindlemarsh.

Golden precepts.



Perhaps you think me bolde that dare presume to teache,
As one y^e runs beyond his race, & rowes beyond his reach,
Sometime the blinde doe go, where perfect sightis doe fall,
The simple may sometimes instruct, the wisest heads of al.

If needefull notes I giue, that vnto vertue tend,
He thinkes you shoul^d: of right, vouchsafe your listning eares to lend:
A whetstone cannot cut, yet sharpes it well we see,
And I though blunt, may whet your skills, if you attentife bee.

First these among the rest, I wish you warily heere,
That God be seru'd, your p^rince obeyed, & freends releu'd at neede:
Then looke to honest ch^rist, both what and how to haue,
At night examine so the day, that bed be thought a graue.

Seeke not for others goods, be iust in worde and deede,
For got with shifts, are spent with shame, beleue this as thy creede
Bosse not of Natures giftes, no^r yet of parents name,
For Vertue is the onely meane, to winne a wo^rthy fame.

Ere thou doest promise make, consider well the ende,
But promise past be sure thou keepe, both with thy foe and frende:
Thy eat not reuenge to much, it shewes a crauens kinde,
But to p^reuail, and then forgiue, declares a noble minde.

Forget no freendships debt, with to requite at least,
For God and man, yea all the wo^rld, condemns the vngatefull beast:

D

Beare

The Paradise

Beare not a frendly face, with hart of Iudas kisse,
It shewes, a base and vile conceipt, and not where nature is.

Flye from a saumpng flurr, and from a coggng mate,
Their loues byreues losse, their myple reppoch, their frindschip byreds but hate,
See he not to loose by wiles, that law and duertie bindes,
They be but helpes of Bankrupts heads, and not of honest myndes.

The motions of the flesh, and Collers beate restraine,
For heapes of harmes do dayly hap, where lust or rage doth raigue:
In diet, deede and wordes, a modest meane is best,
Inough sufficeth for a feast, but riot findes no rest.

And so to make an end, let this be hozne away:
That vertue alwayes be thy guide, so shalt thou neuer stray.

FINIS.

In prayse of the Snayle.

The deepe turmopled twight, that lines deuoyde of ease,
Whose wayward wittes are often found, moze wauering then the seas:
Seekes sweete repose abroad, and takes delight to reme,
Where reason leaues the Snayle for rule, to kerpe a quiet home.

Leape not before thou looke, lest harme thy hope assaile,
Hast hanocke makes in hurtfull wise, wherfoze be slow as Shyle:
Restrayne from rash attempt, let take heede be thy skill,
Let wisdoms hydele byainsliche wit, and leasure woike thy will.

Dame reason bidde I say, in thynges of doubt be slacke,
Lest rashnesse purchase vs the wryng, that wisdoms wills vs lacke:
By rashnesse diuers haue bene deadly ouercome,
By kindly creppng on like Snayle, duke Fables his fame hath wonne.

Though some as swift as haukes, can stoope to every stale,
Yet I refuse such todayne flight, and will seme slow as Snayle:

Uther.

of daintie Deuises.

Wherefore my pretty Snails, be still and lapp: thee warme.
Sauc enuies feres manger their fumes, thers for shall no chee harme.

Because in some respect, thou holdest me to be wise,
I place thee for a President, and signe before mine eyes;
Was neuer any yet, that harme in thee could find,
O dare auow that euer Snails, wrought hurt to humane kinde.

I know dame Whisicke doth, thy friendly helpe imploze,
And crau's the salue from thee ensues, to cure the crazed soze:
With Whisicke then alowes, the vertues in degree,
In spight of spight I weare thee still, that well contenteth me.

FINIS.

21. Remember thy end.

To be as wise as Cato was, or rich as Cressus in his life:
To haue the strength of Hercules, which did subdue by force or strife,
What helpeth it when death doth call,
The happy end exceedeth all.

The rich may well the pooze relieue, that rulers may redresse ech wrong:
The learned may good counsell giue, but marke the end of this my song.
Who doth these thinges, happy they call,
Their happy end, exceedeth all.

The happiest end, in these our dayes, that all do seeke, both small and great:
Is either for fame, or els for praise, or who may sit in highest seat.
But of these thinges hap, what hap shall,
The happy end exceedeth all.

A good beginning oft we see, but selbome standing at one stay:
For few do like the meane degree, then prayse at parting some men say.
The thinges whereto ech wight is thall,
The happy end exceedeth all.

The meane estate, that happy life, which liueth vnder gouernance: (chance.
Who seekes no hate, nor breeds no strife, but takes in worth his happy

D.ii.

It

The Paradise

If contentation him befall,
His happie ende exceedeth all.

The longer life that we desire, the more offence doth vapid grow:
The greater paine it doth require, except the iudge some mercy shew.
Wherfore I thinke and euer shall,
The happie end exceedeth all.

FINIS. D. S.

24. He perswadeth his friend from the fond affectes of loue.

V Why art thou bound and mayest go free, shall reason yeld to raging will:
Is chydome like to libertie? wilt thou exchange thy good for ill:
Then shalt thou learne a childish play, and of each part to call and proue:
The lookers on shall iudge and say, lo this is he that liues by Loue.

Thy wits with thoughts, shall stand at stay, thy head shall haue but heavy rest,
Thy eyes shall watch for wanton praies, thy tong. shall shew thy harts request:
Thy eares shall heare a thousand noyse, thy hand shall put thy pen to paine,
And in the end, thou shalt dispraise, thy life so spent, for such small gaine.

If loue and list might euer cope, or youth might run in reasons race,
Or if strong sure might win sure hope, I would lesse blame a louers case:
For loue is hot, with great desire, and sweet delight makes youth so fond,
That little sparks will proue great fire, and bying free harts to entles bonds

First count the care, and then the cosse, & marke what fraud in faith is found,
Then after come, and make thy boast, & shew some cause why thou art bound:
For when the wine doth run full low, you shall be faine to drinck the lees,
And eat the flesh full well I know, that hath been blown with many flies.

We see where great deuotion is, the people kneele and kisse the crosse,
And though we find small fault of this, yet some will gite a bybles bolle.
A foole his bable will not chaunge, not for the scepter of a King,
A louers life is nothing straunge, for youth delights none other thing.

FINIS. Tho. Churchyard,

25 Wanting

of daintie Deuises.

25. *Wanting his desire, he complayneth.*

The sayling ships with toy at length, do touch their long desired port.
The hewing axe the oke doth wast, and battering Canon breaks the fort:
Hard bagged haukes stoop to the lure, wild coles in time the hyde tames,
There is nothing so out of vye, but to his kinde long tyme it frames.
Yet this I finde in tyme, no tyme can winne my sute,
Though oft the tree I climbe, I cannot cathe the fruite.

And yet the pleasaunt bzanches oft, in yeloyng wise to me they bow,
When I would touch they spring, sone are they gone I wote not how:
Thus I present that fleetyng floud, the *Tantalus* in hell below,
Would God my case the vnderstoode, which can full soone relieue my woe.
Which if to her were knowen, the fruite were surely myne,
She would not let me grone, and broule vpon the rine.

But if my ship with tackle tojne, with rented saples must needes retire,
And streame and winde haue playnly swojne, by force to hinder my desire:
Like one that strikes vpon the rockes, my weary wacke I should bewaile,
And learne to knowe false fortunes mockes, who smiles on me to small anale.
Yet stib she onely can, my rented ship restore,
To helpe her wacked man; but once I seeke no more.

FINIS. M. Edwards.

28. *True before you trust.*

In frendes are found a heape of doubtcs, that double deapng vse,
A swarme of such I could finde out, whose craft I can accuse:
A face for loue, a harte for hate, the se faigned frendes can beare,
A tongue for troth, a head for wiles, to hurt ech simple eare.
In humble poozt, is popson part, that platinnic can not spy,
Which credites all, and can not see, where stingyng Serpentes lye:
Though hasty trust, the harme lesse harte, is easely hamperd in,
And made belceue it is good gold, when it is Lead and Tin.
The first deceipt that bleses myne eyes, is faigned fayth profess,
The second trappe is gratyng talke, that gripes ech straungers best:
The thirs deceipt is greetyng woyes, with colours painted out,
Which bids suspect to feare no smart, nor vzead no daungerous doubt.

D.iii.

The

The Paradise

The fourth, and last is long repaie, which creepes in friendships lap,
And dayly haunces, that vnder trust, deuisech many a trap:
Loe how false friends can frame a fetch, to win their will with wiles,
To lence their sleighes with sugred soys, and shadow harme with smiles,
To serue their lustes, are sunny soyes, by practise diuers kindes,
Some caries honey in their mouthes, and vengence in their mindes:
He thinks the stones within the streetes, should cry out in this case,
And euery one that doth them meet, should shinne their double face.

FINIS. D. S.

27. A Lady forsaken compleyneth,

I f pleasures be in paynfulnes: In pleasures doth my body rest,
If iopes accoꝝd with carefulnes: A iopfull hart is in my brest:
If iopes strong be liberty: In liberty long haue I been,
If iopes accoꝝd with miserie: who can compare a life to mine,
Who can bind that is soe bound: who can make free that is full chꝝall,
O how can any meanes be found, to comfort such a wretch withall:
None can, but he that hath my hart, conuert my paynes to comfort then,
Yet since his seruant I became, most like a bondman haue I been.
Since first in bondage I became, my wordes and deedes were euer such,
That neuer once he could me blame, except from louing him too much,
Which I can iudge no fault offence, nor cause that I deserue disbaie,
Except he meane through false pretence, through forged loue to make a traine
Naie, naie, alas, my fained thoughts, my friendes and my fained ruth,
My pleasures past my present plaints, shew wel I meane but to much truth.
But since I cannot him attaine, against my will I let him go,
And least he gloꝝy at my paine, I will attempt to cloke my woe:
Pouth, learne by me, but do not proue, for I haue proued to my paine,
What grievous griefes do grow by loue, and what it is to loue in vaine.

FINIS. M. D.

28. Finding worldly ioyes: not vanities, he wiseth death.

Foꝝloꝝme in filchy stroward fate, wherein a thousand cares I finde:
By whom I do lament my state, annoyde with sord afflicted minde.
A wretch in woe, and dare not crye,
I liue, and yet I wishe to die.

The

of daintie Denises.

The day in dole, that seemeth long, to passe with sighes and heauy cheare:
And with these eyes I vewe the wrong, that I sustayne by liuing here.

Where my mishaps as rife do dwell,
As plagues within the pit of hell.

A wayling wight I walke alone, in desert denues there to complayne:
Among the sauage soyt to mone, I see my frendes where they remaine.

And pleasure take to shunne the sight,
Where erst I felt my great delight.

A captiue clapt in chaynes of care, lapt in the launes of lethall loue:
My flesh & bones consumed bare, with crawling griefes full straunge to proue.

Though hap doth bid me hope at least,
Whiles grasse doth grow, yet starues the beast.

A sieged soyt with sozaine soyce, for want of ayde, must yeld at last,
So must my wearied pined corse, submit it selfe to bitter tast:

Of crawling care that crackes my brest,
Till hope of death, shall breake my rest.

FINIS. F. M.

g A reply to M. Edwardes Maie.

Read a Paying rime of late, delighted much my eare,
It may delight as many more, as it shall read or heare:
To see how there is shewed, how Pay is much of price,
And che to Pay when that you may, euen so is his aduise.
It seemes he ment to Pay himselfe, and so to vse his skill,
For that the tyme did serue so well, in Pay to haue his will:
His onely Pay was ease of mynde, so farre as I can gesse,
And that his Pay his mynde did please, a man can iudge no lesse.

And as himselfe did reape the frutes, of that his pleasaunt Pay,
He wills his frend the same to vse, in tyme when as he may:
He is not for himselfe it seemes, but wisheth well to all,
For that he would they should take Pay, in tyme when it noth fall.
So vse your Pay, you may, it can not hurt full be,
And Pay well used in tyme and place, may make you merie glee:
Hobest Paying meetest is, of this you may be sure,
A modest Paying quietnesse, to Payers doth procure.

The Paradise

Who may and will not take, may wish he had so doon,
Who may and it doth take, may thinke he tooke to soone:
So ioyne your Pay with wisdomes loze, and then you may be sure,
Who makes his Pay in other sort, his barest may procure.
Some Pay befoze Pay come, some Pay when Pay is past,
Some make their Pay too late, and some do make post hast:
Let wisdome rule I say your Pay, and thus I make an ende,
And Pay, that when you list to Pay, a good Pay God you sende.

FINIS. M. S.

30. *Hanyng married a worthy Ladie, and taken away
by death, he complayneth his mishap.*

I A youth when I at large did lead, my life in lussy liberty,
When beaup thoughts no one did spend, to let my pleasant fantasy:
No fortune seemd, so hard could fall,
This freedome then, that might take thall.
And twenty yeres I scarce had spent, whē to make ful my happy face.
Both treasures great were on me cast, with lands and titles of estate:
So as moze blest then I, stode than,
Eke as me thought was neuer man.
For of Dame Fortune who is he, could moze desire by iust request,
Then health, with welch, and liberty, al which at once I this posselt:
But masking in this lolly ioye,
A sodain sight, ypoond all a toy.
For passing on these merry days, with new deuise of pleasures great,
And now & thē to vew the rates, of beauties woꝝks w cunning feat:
In heauenly hewes, all which as one,
I oft beheld, but bound to none.
And one day rowlyng thus my eyes, vpo these blessed wights at ease,
Amongst y rest one did I se, who straight my wāoyng loke did sear:
And stayd them firme, but such a sight,
Of beaurtie yet sawe neuer wight.
What shall I seke to praise it moze, where tongs canot wel praise y
But to be shyrt to louers loze, I straight my fces al did fraine (same,
And were it wit, oꝝ were it chaunce,
I wonne the Carlande in this daunce.

And

of daintie Denises.

And thus where I befoze had thought, no hap my fortune might encrease,
A double blisse this chaunce forth brought, so did my Ladies loue me please:

Her faith so firme, and constant such,

As neuer hart, can please too much.

But now with tormentes straunge I tast, the sickle stay of fortunes wheele,
And where she rayled from high to cast, with greater force of griefe to feele:

For from this hap of loaine frowne,

Of Princes face she thers me downe.

And thus exchange now hath it made, by libertie a thing most deare,

In hatefull prison for to fade, where sundry from my louing feare:

My wealth and health, standes at like stay,

Obscurely to consume away.

And last toke humane force was none, could part our love wherein we liue,

My Ladies life alas is gone, most cruell death hath it bereft:

Whose vertues, her, to God hath wonne,

And left me here, a man vndo.

FINIS. F.G.

31. *A worthy ditty, sung before the Queenes
Majestie at Brisflow.*

MI trust not troth, that cruelly meanes, for euery ielous stroke,
In stead of wrong, condemne not right, no hidden wrath to wroke:
Looke on the life of faultlesse life, how bright her vertues shine,
And measure out her steppes ech one, by leuell and by line.

Deme eche desert by bright gesse, whereby your prayers shall liue,
If malice would be matcht with might, let hate no iudgement giue:
Enforce no feare with wexing wittes, in quiet conscience best,
Lend not your eares to busie rounes, which breedeth much unrest.

In doubtfull dyes wave not so farre, it wearies but the minde,
Seeke not to search the secret hartes, whose thoughtes are hard to finde:
Auoide from you those hatefull heades, that helpe to heape mishap,
Be slow to heare the flatterers voyce, that creepeth in your lap.

Embrace their love that willow you good, and spore not at their prayse,
Trust not too much vnto your selfe, for feeble are your dayes:
How can your lease be settled fast, or stand on shedd ground.

C.I.

Do

The Paradise

So propped up with hollow hartes, whose suretie is vnsound,

Giue saith to those that feare for loue, and not that loue for feare,
 Regard not them that force compels, to please you euery where:
 All this well wayed and voyne way, shall stablish long your state,
 Continually with perfect peace, in spise of puffing hate.

F.F.N.I.S. Dy S.

32. An Epitaph vpon the death of Sir Edward Saunders
 Knight, Lord chief Baron of the Exchequer.

You Muses weare your mourning weeds, strike on the fatal lyre,
 Sound Truon but the crumpe of sorrow, in spise of Parnes dome:
 Distill Parnassus pleasant hypos, gossell: Parnides place,
 Apollo helpe with dolefull tune, to wayle this woofull case.
 Wring hard your handes, wayle on your losse, lament the fate that fell,
 Wlch sobe and sighes to Saunders say, oh Saunders now farewell:
 Wlchom Phoebe sed with Pallas papp, as one of Sibils seede,
 Loe here where death did rest his corpes, the vermine soule to feede.
 Wlchom Impes of Ioue with Neller sweete, long in Libethres nourish,
 Behold how dreadfull death him brought, to the whence he came first:
 Lycorgus he for learned lawes, Radamanus race that ran,
 An other Neitor for aduise, Zalucys same that wan,
 A Damon deare vnto his frend, in saith like Phocion found,
 A Caro that could counsell geue, to Prince a subject sound:
 Not Athens for their Solon sage, not Rome for Numa wayle,
 As we for Saunders death haue cause, in floudes of teares to sayle,
 Not Sparta card for Chilos death, not proude Praxena prest,
 To weepe for Bias as we wayle, our Saunders late posselt:
 His learned pathe, his sentences rare, so now by death apperes,
 As he that Salomon sought to serue, in yprime one yowthfull yeares,
 His counsell say, his rules, his Lawes, in countrey sayle so wrought,
 As though in Cyma he had bene, of sage Sibilla taught:
 His vertuous life was such I say, as vertue did embrace,
 By vertue taught in vertues schoole, to grow in vertues race,
 Whight tender babes, might orphanes weake, might widowes reare the crie,
 The found therof should pearce the cloudes, to scale the empire skie:

.of daintie Deuises.

To bid the Gods to battaile beate, and to beferue in fight,

Though farre vnkitt, and mates vnneste, with mortall men to fight.

Too late (alas) we with his life, too soone deceiues to Death,

Too little wit we haue to seeke, the deas agayne to heate:

What helpelesse is, most carelesse be, as Natures course doth shew,
For death shall reape what life hath sowne, by nature this we know.

Where is that fierce *Achilles* dead, where is king *Tamias* shroude?

What is become of *Priamus* state, where is *Pernander* proude?

Hector, *Hamo*, *Hannibal*, dead, *Pompei*, *Pirrhus* spild,

Scipio, *Cyrus*, *Cesar* slayne, and *Alexander* killd.

So long there Fortune fast did stow, and charged fame to sound,

Till crowning Fortune fowle by fate, which saluoning Fortune found:

Shun Fortunes feakes, shake Fortune of, to none is Fortune sound,

With none may sap of Fortune so, if Fortune fowlefull found.

Behold where Fortune floues so fast, and saued *Saunders* lure,

Till fickle Fortune false agayne, did *Saunders* death procure:

Loe clothed cold in cloudes of clay, in vposse dust remaine,

By fate return'd from whence he came; as his mothers wombe agayne.

Who welnigh thirtie yeares was Iudge, before a Iudge did fall,

And iudged by that mighty Iudge, which Iudge shall iudge vs all:

The heauens may of right reioyce, and earth may it betrayle,

With heauen man, and earth hath lost, the guide and arke of bayle.

The gayne is much, our losse is great, their mirch, our mone is such,

That they may laugh as cause doe yeld, and we may weep as much.

O happy he, vnhappy we, his hap doth age encrease,

Happy he, and haplesse we, his hap shall neuer cease.

We liue to dye, he died to liue, we want and he possesse.

We bide in bandes, he baches in blisse, the Gods about him blest:

Beyng boyme to liue, he liued to dye, and dyed to God so playne,

That birth, that life, that deary doe shew, that he shall liue agayne.

His youth to age, his age to death, his death to fame applye,

His same to time, his time to God, thus *Saunders* liued and dyed:

O happy life, O happier death, O ten times happy he,

Whose hap it was, such hap to haue, a Iudge this age to be.

O happy time, O blessed toyle, where *Pallas* rules with wit,

O noble state, O sacred seate, where *Saba* sage doth sit:

Like *Susannas* like *Saras*, with *Fishers* spate in hand,

With *Iudas* like *Belshazzar* like, to rule this noble land.

of daintie Deuises.

I had my will, you haue your wish, I laugh, reioyce you may,
I wanne now much, you gayne no lesse, to see this happy day.
Wherein I dyed, wherein you liue, oh treble happy cost,
Wherein I toyes in glozy great, wherein you triumph most.
Kneele on your knees, knocke hard your breasts, sound forth the ioyfull drome,
Clap loude your handes, sound *Eccho* say, the golden world is come.
Reioyce you Iudges may of right, your mirth may now be such,
As neuer earst you Iudges had, in England mirth so much.
Here *Cuma* is, here *Sibill* reignes, on *Delphos* seate to sit,
Here she like *Phabus* rules, that can *Gordius* knot vnknit.
I liued to Nature long enough, I liued to honour much,
I liued at wish, and died at will, to see my countrey such.
As neither needes it *Numas* lawes, nor yet *Apollos* sweard,
For mauger *Mariaget* *Mari* shalbe of this our Queene afeard.
O pearlesse pearle, O Diamond deare, O Queene of Queenes farewell,
Pour royall Pairtie God preserve, in England long to dwell.
Farewell the *Phoenix* of the world, farewell my soueraigne Queene,
Farewell most noble vertuous Prince, *Mineruas* mate I weene.
No Jewell, Gemme, no Gold to giue, no Pearles from *Pactolus* loe,
No Persian Gaze, no Indian Stone, no *Eagus* sandes to show.
But faith and will to hatue soyle, a liue and dead I finde,
My hart my minde, my loue I leaue vnto my Prince behinde.
Farewell you Nobles of this land, farewell you Iudges graue,
Farewell my felowes, frendes and mates, your Queene I say God saue.
What rise in time, in time doth fall, what flowereth in time doth ebbe,
What liues in time, in time shall dye, and yeld to *Pereus* webbe.
The Sunne to darcknesse shalbe turn'd, the starres from skyes shall fall,
The Moone to bloud, the world with fire shalbe consumed all.
As smoke or vapour vanish straight, as bubbles rise and fall,
As cloudes doe passe, or shadow shiftes, we liue, we dye so all.
Our pompe, our pride, our triumph most, our glozy great herein,
Like hattering shadow passe away, as though none such had bin.
Earth, Water, Ayre, and Fire, as they were earst befoze,
A lump confused, and *Chaos* call'd, so shall they once be moze.
And all to earth, that came from earth, and to the graue descende,
For earth on earth, to earth shall goe, and earth shalbe the end.
As *Christ* ascended by the cloudes, so *Christ* in cloudes shall come,
To Iudge both good and bad on earth, at dreadfull day of doome.

From

The Paradise

From whence our flesh shall rise againe, euen from the dustie dust,
And so shall passe I hope, vnto the spansion of the iust.

FINIS. Ladewicke LLOYD.

33. His good name being blemished, be bewaileth.

Fam'd in the front of sorrowe hope, past all recouerie,
I stailles stand cabide, the shooke of shame and infamie:
My life through lingring long is lodg'd, in lare of lochsome wayes,
My death delayed to keepe from life, the harme of haplesse dayes:
My spirites, my hart, my witte and force, in deepe distresses are bound,
The onely losse of my good name, is of these griefes the ground.

And since my mynde, my wit, my head, my voyce, and toung are weake,
To utter, moue, deuise, conceine, sound forth, declare, and speake:
Such pearling plaintes, as aunswere might, or would my wofull case,
Helpe craue I must, and craue I will, with teares vpon my face:
Of all that may in heauen or hell, in earth or ayre be found,
To waile with me the losse of myne, as of these griefes the ground.

Helpe Gods, helpe saints, helpe spirites & powers, that in the heauen do dwell,
Helpe ye that are ayre mont to waile, ye howling boundes of hell:
Helpe man, helpe beastes, helpe birdes & wormes, that on the earth doth toyle,
Helpe fish, helpe foule, that flockes and feedes vpon the salt sea soyle:
Helpe *Ecco* that in the ayre doth flie, myll voyces to resound,
To waile this losse of my good name, as of these griefes the ground.

FINIS. E. O.

34. Of Fortunes power.

Policrates whole passing hap, caus'd him to lose his fate,
A golden ring cast in the seas, to change his constant state:
And in a fish yet at his board, the same he after found,
Thus fortune loe, to whom she takes, for bountie doth abound.

The mixers vnto might she mountes, a common case we see,
And mightie to great miserie, she sees in low degree:

C.iii.

Whom

The Paradise

Whom she, to way doth reare on hys, upon her whirling wheele,
To mowen next she pingeth downe, and casteth at her heele.

No measure hath she in her giftes, she doth reward ech sort,
The wise that counsell haue, no more, then fooles that maketh sport:
She blesch neuer part all haues, for to offend or please,
Gue me good Fortune all men sayes, and thow me in the seas.

It is no fault or worthinesse, that makes men fall or rise,
I rather be boyne fortunate, then to be very wise:
The blindest man right soone, that by good fortune guided is,
To whom that pleasant Fortune pipes, can neuer daunce amis,

FINIS. M. Edwards,

36. Though triumph after bloody warres, the greatest brag doe beare,
Yet triumph of a conquered wynde, she crowne of fame shall weare:

Who so doth marke the careless life, of these unhappy dayes,
And sees what small and slender hold, the state of vertues stayes:
He findes that this accursed trade, proceedeth of this ill,
That men be giuen too much to yeld, to their vntamed will.

In lacke of tanning witlesse will, the poore we often see,
Enuies the riche, because that he, his equall can not bee:
The riche aduanced to might by wealth, from wrong doth not restrayne,
But will oppresseleth weaker sort, to heape excellue gayne.

If Fortune were so blind, to giue to one man what he will,
A world would not suffice the same, if he might haue his fill:
We wish, we searche, we strue for all, and haue no more therein,
Then hath the slaue, when death doth come, though *Cresius* wealth he win.

In getting much, we get but care, such byttle wealth to keepe,
The rich within his wallen of stone, doth neuer soundly sleepe:
When poore in weak and slender house, doe feare no losse of wealth,
And haue no further care but this, to keepe them selues in health.

Affection may not hide the woys of sinne, in iudgement seate.

Leaff

of daintie Deuises.

Least partiaill fauour erre, the lawe in causes greater
But if the mynde in constant state; affection quite doe leane;
The higher state shall haue their rightes, the poore no wrong receiue.

It is accompted greater prayse, to *Cæsars* lofty state,
Agaynst his vanquish't foes, in warres to hyde wretched hate;
Then when to Rome he had subdued, the people long vnknewne,
Wherby as farre as land was found, the same abroad was bloume.

If honour can selfe will refuse, and Justice be wyght,
And puiuate state desires but that, which good appears in sight;
Then vertue shall with soueraigne shep, to surp eye reueale,
An heauenly life, a wealfull state, a happy common weale.

Let vertue then the triumph win, and gouerne all your deedes,
Your yelding to her sober bestes, immortall glozy breedes:
She shall appeare your worthy name, shynyng into the skies,
Her beames shall blaze in graue obscure, where shyned carcasse lyes.

FINIS. *M. Edwards.*

37. Of perfect wisdom.

Who so will be accompted wise, and truly clayme the same,
By ioyning vertue to his deedes, he must attaine the same;
But few there be, that seeke thereby, true wisdom to attayne,
O God so rule our hartes therfore, such soundnesse to reayne.

The wisdom which we most esteeme, in this thing doth consist,
With glozious talke to shew in wordes, our wisdom when we list;
Yet not in talke, but sermely deedes, our wisdom we should place,
To speake so saye, and doe but ill, doth wisdom quite disgrace.

To bargain well, and shunne the losse, a wisdoms comper is,
And thereby through the greedy coyne, no hope of grace to mis;
To seeke by honour to aduance, his name to hyde wylde,
Is wisdom which we paye for, increaseth in our daye.

But heauenly wisdom somer stemes, and hard by them to win,

C. llll.

And

The Paradise

And wearie of the lute they seeme, when they doe once begin:
It teacheth vs to frame our life, while it all breath we haue,
When it dissolueth earthly masse, the soule from death to saue.

By feare of God to rule our steppes, from sliding into vice,
A wisdom is, which we neglect, although of greater price:
A point of wisdom also this, we commonly esteeme,
That every man should be in deede, that he desires to seeme.

To hyde that desire of gayne, which forceth vs to ill,
Our haucie stomaches Lord represse, to tame presuming will:
This is the wisdom that we should, aboue eche thing desire,
O heauenly God from sacred throne, that grace in vs inspire.

And print in our repugnant hartes, the rules of wisdom true,
That all our deedes in worldly life, may like thereof insue:
Thou onely art the liuing spring, from whom this wisdom flowes,
O walsh therewith our unfull hartes, from vice that therein growes.

FINIS. M. Edwards.

38. *A frendly admonition.*

YE stately wightes, that liue in quiet rest,
Through worldly wealth, which God hath giuen to you:
Lament with teares and sighes from dolefull brest,
The shame and power, that vice obtaineth now:
Behold how God doeth daily profer grace,
Yet we disdain repentance to embrace.

The sudden of sinne doe soke into the minde,
And cancre vice, doth vertue quite expell:
No change to good, alas cancracking sinde,
Our wicked hartes, so stoutly doe rebell:
Not one there is, that halseth to amend,
Though God from heauen his daily threatenings send:

We are so slow to change our blamefull life,

Uile

of daintie Denises.

Uke are so prest, to snatche a luring vice,
Such greedy barres, on euery side be rife,
So few that guide, their will by counsell helpe,
To let our teares lamente the wretched case,
And call to God for vnderfurned grace.

You worldly wightes, that haue your fancies here,
On slipper top, of terraine pleasure here,
Let some remoyse, in all your deedes be mixt,
Whyles you haue time, let some request appeare,
Of sodaine death, the houre you shall not know,
And looke for death, although it seemeth slow.

Oh be no fudge, in other mens offence,
But purge thy selfe, and seeke to make thee free:
Let euery one, apply his diligence,
A change to good, within him selfe to see:
God direct our feete in such a way,
From cankered vice, to shun the hateful way.

FINIS. R. Hill.

39. Sundrie men, sundry affectes.

In euery wight, some fawnye toy of pleasure I doe finde,
Which after he doth seeke, to haue his coping minde,
Diana with her trauelling chase, of hunting haue delighe,
Against the fearefull Deare, he could direct her spoe a right,
The lustie yeares in euery age, doth still embrace the same,
The sport is good, if vertue doe mist the cheerefull game,
Alcinous in her chattering armes, her courage doth aduance,
In triall of the blowy warres, she giueth luckie chauce:
For sauegard men embrace the same, which doe so needfull seeme,
That noble hartes their chief delighe, in this cherefull extreme.
In warlike games to try of rite, the force of armes they vse,
And haue the man we doe attempt, that doth the same refuse.

The Muer sound of Pulleskes cordes, doth please Apollus wit,

F. I.

The Paradise

A sentence which the heauens aduance, where it deserves to sit:
A pleasure apt for euerie wight, relief to carefull mynde,
For woe redresse, for care a salve, for sadnesse helpe we finde.
The soueraigne prayse of Musicke still; both cause the Poetes sayne,
That whirling Spheres, and eke the heauens doe herimous retayne.

I heare, that these three gwiners, at variance lately fell,
Whiles eche did prayse his owne delight, the other to excell:
Then came, as an indifferent Judge, to end the case they call,
The prayse pronounced by her to them, indifferently both fall.
Diana health and strength maintaine, *A Minerva* force both same,
And Musicke gives a sweete delight, to further others game.

These three delights to haucie myndes, the worthiest are esteem'd,
If vertue be annexed to them, they rightly be so dem'd:
Altho' they doe reuiue the wit, with sorrow oft oppress,
And neuer suffer solemne grief, too long in minde to rest.
Be wise in mirth, and seeke delight, the same doe not abuse,
In honest mirth a happy ioy, we ought not to refuse.

FINIS. R. Hill.

40. Of a friend and a flatterer.

A Trustie friend is rare to finde, a fawning foe may soone be got,
A faithfull friend beare still in mynde, but fawning so regard thou not.
A faithfull friend no cloke doth craue, to colesse knaues withall,
But Scipion a gun must haue, to beare a poze what ere he fall.
A nose to smell out euery least, a brazen face to set it out,
A shamelesse child as homely gest, whose life doth like to raunge about:
A fawning foe while wealth doth last, a theefe to rob and spoile his friend,
As strong as she while wealthy doth last, but rotten sticke doth poure in y end.

Look first, then leape, beware the mire,
Borne child is wourd to dread the fire:
Take heed my friend, remember this,
Shew how so (they say) some carried is,

FINIS. M. Edwards,

of daintie Deuises.

41. *Of suffering more conuicted*

TO seeme for to reuenge ech wrong in hall is wile,
By ppoofe of guiltlesse men, it hath not bene the guile:
In slaunders lothsome hute, where they condemned be,
With ragelesse moode they suffer wrong, where truth shall eris them free.
These are the patient pangues, that passe within the brest,
Of those, that feele their cause by mine, where wrong hath right opposit:
I know how by suspect, I haue bene iudg'd awile,
And graunted gilts in the thing, that clearly I denie.
My faith may me defense, if I might loue her,
God iudge me so, as from the guilt, I know me to be free:
I wrote but for my selfe, the grief was all mine owne,
As, who would ppoone extremitie, by ppoofe it might be shewne.
Yet are they such, that say they can, my meaning deeme,
Without respect of this old trath, thinges ppoone not as they seeme.
Whereby it may befall, in iudgement to be quicke,
To make them selues suspect therewith, that needed not to kicke.
Yet in resisting wrong, I would not haue it thought,
I doe amisse, as though I knew, by whom it might be wrought:
If any such there be, that herewithall be vert,
It were their vertue to beware, and deeme me better next.

FINIS. L. Van.

43. *All thinges are vayne.*

ALthough the purple morning, brags in brightnesse of the sunne,
As though he had of chales night, a glorious conquest wonne:
The time by day, giues place agayne, to force of yroule night,
And euery creature is constraind, to chaunge his lustie plight.

Of pleasures all, that here we cast,
We feele the contrarie at last.

In Spring, thou pleasant Zephirus, hath fruitfull earth inspired,
And neuer hath ech bush, ech bzaunche, with blossomes braue attired:
Yet frutes and flowers, as buds and blomes full quickly withered be,
When stormie winter comes to kill, the summers solitarie,

By time are got, by time are lost,
All thinges wherein we pleasure most.

F. II.

Although

The Paradise

Although the Seas so calmly glide, as dangers none appeare,
And doubt of stormes, in theye is none, king *Phaëus* shines so cleare:
Yet when the boisterous windes breake out, and raging waues do swell,
The selie barks now heaues to heauen, now sinches agayne to hell.

Thus change in euery thing we see,

And nothing constant seemes to bee.

Who flowereth most in worldly wealth, of wealth is most vnshure,
And he that richest tastes of ioy, doe sometime woe endure:

Who vanceth most of numbred frendes, forgoe them all he must,
The sayest flesh and liuely blood, is tourn'd at length to dust.

Experience giues a certaine ground,

That certaine here, is nothing found.

Then trust to that which aye remaines, the blisse of heauens above,
Which Time, nor Fate, nor Blinde, nor Storme, is able to remoue.

Trust to that sure celestiall rocke, that restes in glorious throne,

That hath bene, is, and must be still, our anker hold alone.

The world is but vauitie,

In heauen seeke we our suretie.

FINIS. F. Kindlemarsh.

44. A vertuous Gentlewoman in the prayse of her loue.

I Am a virgin saye and free, and freely doe reioyce,

I sweetly warble sugred notes, from siluer voyce:

For which delightfull ioyes, yet thanke I curteous Loue,

By whose almightie power, such sweete delightes I proue.

I walke in pleasaunt fieldes, adorn'd with liuely greene,

And betwe the fragrant flowers, most louely to be seene:

The purple Columbine, the Coussippe and the Lillie,

The Liliet sweete, the Daisie and Daffavillie.

The woodbines on the hedge, the red Rose and the white,

And e the fine flowers els, that reioyce sweete delight:

Among the which I chose, all those of seemeliest grace,

In thought, resembling them, to my deart louers face.

His louely face I meane, whose golden shouring gites,

His

of daintie Deuises.

His euertlasting fame, to lastie Age vpliftes:
Whom louing me I loue, onely for vertues sake,
When vertuously to loue, all onely care I take.

Of all which fresh saye flowers, that flower that doth appeare,
In my conceipt, most like to him I hold so deare:
I gather it, I kisse it, and eke deuise with it,
Such kinde of louely speech, as is for louers fit.

And then of all my flowers, I make a garland fine,
Which which my golden wter beares, together I doe twine:
And set it on my head, so taking that delight,
That I would take, had I my louer still in sight.

For as in goodly flowers, myne eyes great pleasure finde,
So are my louers giftes, most pleasaunt to my mynde:
Upon which vertuous giftes, I make more repast,
Then they that for loue spoyle, the sweetest toyes doe tast.

FINIS. F.K.

45. *Oppressed with sorrow, be wiseth Death.*

If Fortune may enforce, the carefull hart to cry,
And grippng grief constrain, the wounded wight lament:
Who then alas to mourne, hath greater cause then I,
Against whose hard mishap, both heauen and earth is bent.
For whom no helpe remaines, for whom no hope is left.
From whom all happy hap is fled, and pleasure quite bereft:
Whose life naught can prolong, whose health, naught can procure,
Whose passed prooffe of pleasaunt ioy,
Whiche haunce hath chaunged to griefes annoy.
And loe whose hope of better day,
Is ouerwhelm'd with long delay.

Oh hard mishap.

Eke thing I plainly see, whose vertues may auayle,
To ease the pinching payne, which gripes the groning wight:
By Physicks sacred skill, whose rule doth seldom faile.
Through labours long inspect, is plainly brought to light.

F.iii.

3

The Paradise

I know, there is no fruite, no leafe, no roote, no rinde,
No hearbe, no plant, no iuice, no gum, no metcail deeply minde:
No Pearle, no precious stone, ne Gem of rare effect,
Whose vertues, learned Gallens bookes, at large doe not detect.
Yet all their force can not appeale,
The furious fites of my diseale:
For any vnygge of Whisfikes arte,
Can ease the grief that gripes my harte.

Oh strange diseale.

I heare the wise affirme, that Nature hath in foye,
A thousand secret salues, which wisedome hath out foyde:
To coole, the scorching heate, of euery smarting foye,
And healeth drep: A scarre, though greenous be the wound.
The auncient Prouerbe fapes, that none fo soffred grief,
Doth grow, for which the Gods themfelues, haue not obtained relief:
But I by ppoofe doe know, fuch Prouerbes to be vayne,
And thinke that Nature neuer knew, the plague that I fufaine.
And fo not knowing my diftreffe,
Hath left my grief remedileffe.
For why, the heauens for me prepare,
To liue in thought, and dye in care.

Oh laffing payne.

In change of ayre I fee, by haunt of beathfull foyle,
By diet duely kept, groffe humours are expell:
I know that griefes of minde, and furdward hartes turne to foyle,
By faithfull fterndes aduife, in time may be repell.
Yet all this naughte anayles, to kill that me annoyes,
I meane to ftop the fflowes of care, that ouerflow my foyes:
No none erchange of place, can change my luckleffe lot,
Like one I liue, and fo muft dye, whom Fortune hath forgot.
No counsell can preuayle with me,
No fage aduife with grief agree:
For he that feelles the panges of hell,
Can neuer hope in heauen to dwell.

Oh deepe difpayne.

What liues on earth but I, whole trauayle reapes no gayne,
The wearied foyle and Oxe, in fall and ftable reff:
The Antc with fommers foyle, beates out the winters payne.

The

of daintie Deuises.

The foule that flies all day, at night returns to rest.
The Ploughmans wearie woyle, amid the winters mire.
Rewarded is with Summers gayne, which priues him double hire:
The Millie labouring soule, which sjudges from day to day,
At night his wages truly payes, contented goeth his way.
And coming home, his house he doth,
He coucheth close in homely bed:
Wherewith no sooner wotne he lyes,
But sleepe hath straight possist his eyes.

Oh happy man.

The Souldiour biding long, the hunt of mortall warres,
Wher life is neuer free, from vint of deadly payre:
At last comes to full home, though mangled all with scars,
Wher frankly, voyde of feare, he spendes the gotten spoyle.
The Pirate lying long, amid the foming floudes,
With every flaw in hazard is, to lose both life and goodes:
At length findes vewe of land, where wished Port he spies,
Which once obteyned, among his mates, he partes the gotten pryse.
Thus every man, from trauaile past,
Death reape a iust reward at last:
But I alone, whose troubled minde,
In seeking rest, vnrest doth finde.

Oh lucklesse Ioe.

Oh cursed catife wretch, whose heauy hard mishap,
Doth with ten thousand times, that thou hast not bene doyned:
Since fate hath thee condemned, to line in sorrowes lap,
Wher wailynge wast thy life, of all redress forloyned.
What shall thy grief appeale? who shall thy torment stay?
Wile thou thy selfe, with murdering handes, enioyne thy owne decay:
No, farre be thou from me, my selfe to stop my breath,
The Gods forbid, whom I beseech, to worke my toyes by death.
For linyng length of lothsome life,
Doth stirre in me such mortall strife:
That wyles for life, and death I cry,
In death I line, and liuing dye.

Oh stoward fate.

Loe here my hard mishap, loe here my straunge disease,
Loe here my deepe dyspayre, loe here my lasting payne:
Loe here my stoward fate, which nothing can appeale,

¶ illi.

Loe

The Paradise

Loe here how others toyle, rewarded is with gaine.
Which lucklesse, loe I liue, in losse of labours due,
Compels by proofoe of torment strong, my endless grief to rue:
Is which, since needes I must, consume both youth and age,
If old I liue, and that my care no comfort can assuage.
Henceforth I banish from my brest,
All frustrate hope of future rest:
And truthlesse trust to Tymes reward,
Which all respectes of iopes regard.
Here I forswear.

47. *Where reason makes request, there wisdom ought supplie.*
With friendly answer prest, to graunt or els denie.

I sigh, why so: for sorrow of her smart,
I mourne, wherfore: for grief that she complains:
I pite, what: her oppressed hart,
I dread, what harme: the danger she sustaines.
I greeue, whereat: at her oppressing paynes,
I feele, what force the fittes of her disease,
Whose harme doth me and her, a like displease.

I hope, what hay: her happy healthes retire,
I wish, what wealch: no wealth, nor worldly stoze
But craue, what craft: by cunning to aspie
Some skill, whereto: to salue her sickely soze.
What then: why then would I her health restore.
Whose harme me hurtes, how so: so makes my will:
To wish my selfe and her, like good and ill.

What moues thy minde, whereto: to such desire,
Ne force, ne sauour, what then: free fancies choyse:
Art thou to chole: my charter to require,
Eche Ladies loue, is sedde by customes voyce,
Yet are there grauntes, the euidence of cheis choyse,
What then, our freedome is at large in choyling,
As womens wills are forward in refusing.

Notes

of daintie Denisers.

Wlotes she thy will: she knowes what I protest,
Daunde she thy lute: she daungers not my talke:
Gane she consent: she graunted my request,
Whos bidst thou craue: the roote, the fruite, the stalk,
I asked them all, what gane she, cheese, oz chalker:
That tast must erie, what tast: I meane the prooffe,
Of frendes, whose wills withhold their bow aloofe.

Deanst thou good saye: what els, hopest thou to speede:
why not, O foole vntaught in carpell trade,
Knowest not what prooffes from such delapes procede,
wilt thou like headlesse Cocke be caught in glade:
Art thou like Ass, too apt for burden made:
Fie, he, wilt thou for saint adoe the shiner:
And woe her frend, ere she be wholy thine.

Who pzetw this vifit: moued she, oz thou this match:
Twas I: oh foole vntware of womens wiles,
Long mayest thou wayle, like hungry bound at hatch:
She craftie fore, the illie Goose beguiles,
Thy lute is shapen, to sit for long delay,
That she at will may checke, from yea to nay.

But in good sooth, tell me her frendes intent,
Best learne it first, their purpose I not know:
why then thy will to woyle and woyle is bent,
Doest thou delight, the vnkindred roale to blow:
O childlike louest, in ankred Boate to row,
what meane these termes: who list thy lute is such,
Know of oz on, oz thou affect too much.

No hast but good, why no, the meane is best,
Admit the loue, mislike in lingring growies:
Suppose she is caught, when woodcocke on thy cress,
Till end approues, what scoynfull iacobes she sowes.
In loytring loue, such daungers ebbes and flowes,
what helpe herein: why wake in daungerous watch:
That to, noz fro, may make thee marre the match.

The Paradiſe

As that the way to end my wearie waſhe:
By quicke diſpatch, to leſſen long curioſe:
Well well, though loſſe in lingering wondes to lurke,
And if a ſoule, moſt ſure to take the ſoule.
Yet prooſe from promiſe, neuer ſhall recoupe,
My wondes with herdes, and herdes with wondes ſhall wende:
Till ſhe or hers, gaineſay that I intende.

Art thou ſo ſouderne ſoude, but ſturdie fall,
Why ſoule, her ſrenbes, mote how thy will is bent:
Yet thou like dole, whole witte and ſence is paſt,
Seeſt not what trumpes, do follow thy entent,
He know, how lone in ſew of ſcoyng is lent,
Awe, for ſighes ſuch follie ſhould preuent:
Well well, cheir ſcoſſes with ſcoyngs might be repaen,
If my requieſtes, were fully yea or naye.
Well well, let theſe with wiſedomes praye be waped:
And in your cheſt of chiefeſt ſecretes layed.

FINIS. My lucke is loſſe.

48. What ioye to a contented mynde.

The ſayth that ſayles, muſt needes be thought untrue,
The ſeruo that ſaignes, who holdeth not vniſt:
Who likes that loue, that chaungeth ſtill for new,
Who hopes for truth, where truth is boyde of truſt.
No ſaith, no ſeruo, no loue, no troth ſo ſure,
But rather ſayles, then ſteadfaſtly endure.

What head ſo ſtayed: that altereth not intent,
What thought ſo ſure: that ſteadfaſt did remaine,
What witte ſo wiſe: that neuer needes repent:
What tongue ſo true: but ſometime wondes to ſayne,
What ſoote ſo firme: that neuer creates awyie,
What ſooner dimde: then ſight of cleareſt eye.

What hart ſo ſure: but ſoone enclines to chounge,

of daintie Deuises.

What moue so milde: that neuer moued debate:
What faith so strong: but lightly likes to range,
What loue so true: that neuer learnes to hate.
What life so pure: that lastes without offence.
What woildely mynde: but moues with ill pretence.

What knot so fast: that may not be buttred,
What scale so sure: but fraude or force shall breake,
What prop of stay: but one tyme shynkes alow,
What ship so staunch: that neuer had a leake.
What graunt so large: that no exception makes,
What hoped helper: but friend at neede forsakes.

What seate so high: but low to ground may fall,
What hay so good: that neuer sound mislike:
What state so sure: but subject is to thfall,
What force preuailes: where Fortune list to strike.
What wealth so much: but time may courne to want,
What scope so great: but waisting maketh scant.

What profites hope: in depth of daungers thfall,
What trust in time: but wareth woyle and woyle:
What helpes good hart, if Fortune frowne withall,
What blessing thiuues agaynst beaumenty helpelesse curle.
What winnes desire, to get and cannot gayne,
What bootes to wish, and neuer to obtaine.

FINIS. My lucke is losse.

49. *Donec eris Felix multos numerabis amicos,
Nullus ad amissas ibis amicus spes.*

Then as the Raven, the Crow, and greedy Kite,
Doe swarming flocks, where carren corpes doth fall:
And tiring teare with beake, and talentes might,
Both skin and flesh, to gorge their guttes withall,
And neuer cease, but gather moe to moe,
Doe all to pull, the carcas to and fro:

C. ii.

Cal

The Paradise

Till bared bones, at last they leaue behinde,
And seeke elsewhere, some fatter foode to finde.

Euen so I see, where wealth doth waie at will,
And gold doth grow, to heapes of great encrease:
There frendes reioyce, and profering friendship still,
Full thicke they throng, with neuer ceasing pteale.
And flisy make, a shew of true intent,
When nought but guile, and inward hate is ment:
For when mischaunce, shall chaunge such wealth to want,
They packe them thence, to place of richer haunt.

FINIS. *My lucke is losse.*

50. *Amantium iræ amoris redimite gratia est.*

I¹ A goyng to my naked bed, as one that would haue slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept:
She sighed soze, and sang full sweete, to bying the babe to rest,
That would not cease, but cried still, in sucking at her brest.
She was full wearie of her watch and greued with her child,
She rocked it, and rated it, till that on her it smilde:
Then did she say, now haue I found, this Prouerbe true to proue,
The falling out of faithfull frendes, renuyng is of loue

Then tooke I paper, penne and Inke, this Prouerbe for to write,
In register for to remaine, of such a worthy wight:
As she proceeded thus in song, vnto her little brat,
Such matter bitere she of waight, in place where as she sat.
And proued playne, there was no beast, nor creature bearing life,
Could well be knowne to liue in loue, without discorde and strife:
Then kissed she her little babe, and sware by God aboue,
The falling out of faithfull frendes, renuyng is of loue.

She sayd that neither King ne Prince, ne Lord could liue a right,
Till their puissance they did proue, their manhood and their might:
When manhood shall be matched so, that feare can take no place,
Then wearie workes make warriours, eche other to embrace.
And leaued their force that sayled them, which did consume the rout,

That

of daintie Deuises.

That might before haue liued their time, and Nature out:
Then did she sing, as one that thought, no man could her reproue,
The falling out of faithfull frendes, remynng is of loue.

She sayd she saw no fish ne foule, nor beast within her haunt,
That met a stranger in their kinde; but could giue it a taunt:
Since flesh might not endure, but rest must warth succorde,
And force the sight to fall to play, in pasture where they feede.
So noble Nature can well end, the worke she hath begone,
And hydele well that will not cease, her tragedie in some:
Thus in song she oft rehearst, as did her well behoue,
The falling out of faithfull frendes, remynng is of loue.

I maruaile much pardy quoth she, for to behold the rout,
To see man, woman, boy and beast, to tolle the world about:
Some kneele, some couche, some becke, some ckerke, & some a smotherly smile,
And some embrace others in arme, and there thinke many a while,
Some stand a loose at cap, and knee, some humble and some stout,
Yet are they neuer frendes in deede, untill they once fall out:
Thus ended she her song, and sayd before she did remoue,
The falling out of faithfull frendes, remynng is of loue.

FINIS. M. Edwards.

51. *Thinks to dye.*

The life is long, which lochsomely doe last,
The dolefull dayes, draw slowly to their date:
The ptesent pangues, and painefull plagues forzepass,
Veldes grief aye greene, to stablsh his estate,
So that I feele in this great stoyne and strife,
That death is sweete, that shoyneeth such a life.

And by the stroke, of this straunge ouerthrow,
All which conflict, in thalsome I was thrust:
The Loyd be prayled, I am well taught to know,
From whence man came, and eke whereto he must.
And by the way, vpon how feeble force,
His terme doth stand, till death doth end his course.

G.iii.

Ch

The Paradise

The pleasant yeeres, that comes so sweetly runne,
The merrie dayes to come, so fast that flie:
The ioyfull hie fies, of which dayes dayes so soone,
The happie howres, which moe do misse then merite:
Doe all consume, as smoke against the Sunne,
And death makes ende of all that life be gonne.

Since death shall dure, till all the world be waste,
What meaneth man, to dread Death then so late?
As man might make, that life should alway laste,
Without regarde, the Lord hath lesse desire.
The dance of Death, which all must come on time,
The howre wherein, onely himselfe doth know.

If man would minde, what burdens life doth bring,
What grievous crimes, as God he doth commit:
What plagues, what perill thereby spring,
With no sick hoping, in all his daie to sit.
He would sure thinke, as with great cause I doe,
The day of death, is happier of the two.

Death is the doore, whereby we come to reioyce,
Life is the lacke, that byoweth all in paine:
Death is so dole, it sealeth all away,
Life is so lew, that all it preiudes is vaine.
And as by life in bondage man is brought,
Euen so by Death, is freedom likewise wrought.

wherefore with Paule, let all men wishe and praye,
To be dissolued, of this foule fleshy masse:
Or at the least, be arriu'd against the daie,
That they be found, good soultours prest to passe,
From life to death, from death to life againe,
And such a life, as euer shall remaine.

FINIS. D. S.

of daintie Denises.

31. *If thou desire to live in quietness, and
Give care and see how say the best.*

If thou delight in quietness of life,
Desire to shun, from braules, debate and strife:
To live in loue with God, with friends and fa,
In rest shalt sleepe, when others can not so.

Give care to all, yet do not all beleue,
And see the ende, and then doe sentence giue:
But say for truth, of happie liues affinde,
The best hath he, that quiet is in minde.

FINIS. W. Hamis.

32. *Being forsaken of his friend,
he complayneth.*

Why should I linger long to live,
In this disease of faulstie:
Since Fortune hath not cease to giue,
Things to my minde most contrarie.
And at my toyes hath let me and straine,
Till she hath turned them to paine.

A friend I had to me most deare,
And of long time faithfull and true:
There was no one, my hart so neare,
Nor one in whom I had more trust.
Whom now of late, without cause why,
Fortune hath made my enemy.

The grass he thinks should grow in hie,
The starres vnto the earth cleane fall:
The water streame should passe a drye,
The windes should leaue their strength of blast,
The sunne and moone by one assent,
Should both in the same place stand fast.

CIII.

The Paradise

The fish in ayre should flie with stone,
The foules in fount, should bring forth fry:
All thinges me thinkes should erst beginne,
To take their course unnaturally,
Afoze my friend should alter so,
without a cause to be my foe.

But such is Fortunes hate I say,
Such is his will on me to weake:
Such spite he hath at me alway,
And ceaseth not my hart to breake.
With such despite of crueltie,
wherfoze then longer line should I.

FINIS. ES.

45. Prudencia. The historie of Damacles, and Dionise.

Who so is set in Princely throne, and reaueth rule to beare,
Is still beset on euery side, with perill and with feare:
High trees by Roymy winde are shake, and rent vp from the ground,
And flashy flakes of lighening flames, on turrets oot rebound.
When little shubes in safetie lurke, in conert all alow,
And freshly flozish in their kinde, what euer winde doe blow,
The cruell kyng of Scisle: who fearing Barbares handes:
Was wont to singe his beard himselfe, with coale and fire brandes,
Hath taught vs this, the proofo wherof, full plainly we may see,
Was neuer thing moze liuely touched, to shew it so to bee:
This kyng did seeme to Damacles, to be the happiest wight,
Because he thought none like to him, in power or in might.
who did alone so farre excell, the rest in his degre,
As doth the Sunne in brightnesse cleare, the darkest starre we see:
wile thou then sayd this cruell kyng, by this my present state,
Possesse thou shalt this seate of myne, and so be fortunat,
Full gladly then this Damacles, this proferd honour tooke,
And shooting at a Princely life, his mightiest foes hee
In honours seate then was he platt, according to his wille,
Afozwith a banquet was prepared, that he might with his friends
Nothing

of daintie Deuises.

Nothing did want wherein it was thought, that he could take delight,
 To feede his eye, to fill his mouth, or please the appetite,
 Such store of plate, I thinke in Greece; there scarcely was so much,
 His seruantes did Angels seeme, their passing shape was such.
 No daintie dish but there it was, and thereof was such store.
 That though our Greece so Princely cheare, was neuer sene before:
 Thus while in pompe and pleasures state, this *Damocles* was platt,
 And did begin with gladsome hart, each daintie dish to eat.
 At length by chaunce cast by his eyes, and gan the house to view,
 And saw a sight that him enforst, his Princely state to rue:
 A sword forsooth with downeward point, that no stronger then,
 Then one horse heare that peried it, direct vpon his heu.
 Wherewith he was so soze amaid, andooke in every part,
 As though the sword that hong aboue, had stroke him to the hart:
 Then all their pleasures tooke their leaue, and sorrow came in place.
 His heauy hart the teares declar'd, that trickled downe his face.
 And then forthwith with sobbing voyce, besought the king of grace,
 That he would licence him with speede, to depart out of that place.
 And sayd that he full long enough, had tried now with feare,
 What tis to be a happie man, and princely rule to beare.
 This deede of thine oh *Dionys*, deserues immortall fame,
 This deede shall alwayes liue with prayse, though thou didst liue with shame
 Whereby both kinges he put in mynde, their daungers to be greate,
 And subiectes he forbad to climbe, high steppes of honours feare.

FINIS. *M. Edwards.*

55. Fortitude. A young man of
Egypt and Valerian.

E The one deserves great prayse to haue, but yet not like I thinke,
 Both he that can sustaine the poke of paymer, and both not thinke
 And he whom *Cupid*s court craft can nothing moue at all,
 Into the hard and tangled knots of *Venus* snares to fall.
 Besturre you then who so delightes, in vertues race to runne,
 The flying boye with how sbent, by strength to ouercome:
 As one did once when he was yong, and in his tender dayes,
 Whose stout and noble deede of his, had got him mortall prayse.
 The wicked Romanen did pursue, the *Boy* Thwarted than,

D

What

The Paradise

What time *Valerian* Emperour was, a wicked cruell man:
 who spared not with bloudy draughtes, to quench his owne desire,
 Dispatching all that stuck to Christ, with hot consuming fire.
 At length a man of tender yeares, was brought before his sight,
 Such one as nature seemed to make, a witnesse of her might:
 For every part so well was set, that nothing was depraue.
 So that the cruell king himselfe, would gladly him haue saued.
 So loth he was to see a worke, so rare of natures power,
 So finely built, so sobainly destroyed within an hower.
 Then meanes he sought to overcome, or win him at the last,
 To slip from Christ, whom he before, had earnestly profest:
 A bed prepared, so finely deckt, such diuers pleasaunt smells,
 That well it might appeare a place, where pleasure onely dwells:
 By him he layd a naked wench, a *Venus* darling sure,
 With sugred speech and lowely toyes, that might his mynde allure.
 Such wanton louers as these he thought, might easily him entice.
 Which chinges he knew with lustie youth, had alwayes bene in priue:
 Such wayes I thinke the Gods them selues, could haue inuented none,
 For flattering *Venus* ouertomes, the senses euerychone.
 And he himselfe was euen at point, to *Venus* to consent,
 Had his stout and manly minde, resisted his intent:
 When he perceined his flesh to yeld, to pleasure not wanton toyes,
 And was by slight almost prouoked, to tast of *Venus* toyes.
 Poore cruell to himselfe then those, that glad would him vndoo,
 With bloudy tooth, his tender tongue, bit quite and cleane in twoo:
 Thus was the payne so passing great, of this his bloudy bit,
 That all the fire and carnall lust, was quenched euery whit.
 Do ill and all thy pleasures then, full soone will passe away,
 But yet the shame of those thy deedes, will more decay:
 Do well, and though thy paynes be great, yet soone ech one will cease,
 But yet, the payne of those thy deedes, will euermore increase.

FINIS, M. Edwards.

36. *Iustice, Zaleuch and his sonnes.*

Let rulers make most perfect lawes, to rule both great and small,
 If they themselves obey them not, it booteth not at all:
 As lawes be nought but rulers doome, containing equall might,
 So rulers should be speaking Lawes, to rule by line of right.

Zaleu.

of daintie Deuises.

Zaleuch the Prince of *Loerine* once, appointed by decree,
 Each lecherer should be punished, with losse of either eye:
 His sonne by chance offended first, which when his father saw,
 Lays God how earnest then was he, to execute the law.
 Then ranne the people all by flockes, to him with weeping eyes,
 Not one among the rout there was, but pardon, pardon cries:
 By whose outcries and earnest sute, his sonne in hope did stand,
 That he thereby should then obtaine, some pardon at his hand.
 But all in vayne, for he is found, to be the man he was,
 And maketh haste so much the more, to haue the law to passe:
 The people yet renewed their sute, in hope of some relief.
 Whose faces all bespight with teares, did testifie their grief.
 And cried all for pitties sake, yeld now to our request,
 If all you will not cleane remit, yet ease the payn at least:
 Then somewhat was the father moued, with all the peoples voyce,
 And euery man did giue a shout, to shew they did reioyce.
 Well then (quoth he) it shall be thus, the law shall be fulfilled,
 And yet my sonne shall sauiour haue, according as you wilde:
 One eye of his shall be pulde out, thus hath his leudnesse got,
 And likewise so shall one of myne, though I deserue it not.
 This word no sooner was pronounced, but straight the deepe was done,
 Two eyes, no more were left, betwene the father and the sonne:
 Say now who can, and on my sayde *Appollo* he shall be,
 As he more gentle father loetoz (sister) iudge trow ye.
 This man would not his lawes belike, the webbes the spiders weue,
 Wherein they lurke when they intend, the simple to deceiue:
 Wherewith small flies full soone be caught, and tangled ere they wiss,
 When great ones flie and scape away, and breake them as they list,

FINIS. *M. Edwards.*

- 57. *Temperance. Spuria and the Romaine Ladies.*

If nature beare thee so great loue, that she in thee haue beautie platt,
 Full hard it is as we do proue, to keepe the body cleane and chaste:

Twixt comelinesse and chastitie,

A ready strife is thought to bee.

For beautie which some men suppose, to be as tware a golden ill,
 Prouoketh strife and many foes, that seeke on her to worke her will:

Assaultes to townes if many make,

No towne so strong but may be take.

The Paradise

And this *Spirina* witnesseth can, who did for beauntie beare the bell,
So cleane a wight so comely made, no dame in Rome but loued well:

Not one could coole her hot desire,
So burning was the flame of fire.

Like as when baite cast in the floud forthwith doth cause the fishes come,
That pleasantly before did play, now presently to death to runne:

For when they see the baite to fall,
Straight way they swallow hooke and all.

So when *Spirina* they did see, to him they flockt out of hand,
So happiest dame was thought to be, that in his fauour most did stand:

Not knowing vnder sweete deceits,
How *Venus* hides her poysoned baites.

But when he saw them thus to range, whom loue had linked in his chaine,
This meanes he sought for to all wage, these Ladies of their greuous payne:

His shape extending to disgrace,
Which many woundes he sought his face.

By which his deede it came to passe, that he that seemed an angell bright,
Euen now so cleane disfigured was, that he became a lothsome wight:

And rather had he be foule and chaste,
Then fayre, and filchy ioyes to taste.

What pen can write, or tong expresse, that worthy prayles of this deede,
We thinke that God can do no lesse, then graunt him in heauen for his meede:

Altho for to saue himselfe vpright,
Himselfe hath first destroyed quite.

FINIS. *M. Edwards.*

58. *A braunche of herbes and flowers.*

If that eche flower, the Gods haue framed, or shapt by sacred skill,
Where as I would (no wrong to wish) and mine to weare at will
Or els eche tree, with lustie top, would lend me leaue to loue.

Which sprigs displaied to spied my sure, a wayling hart so proue.

Upon my helme some should you see, my head aduanced hie.

Some slip for solace there to set, and weare the same would I:

Yet would I not for great delight, the Dailes straunge desire,

The Lillie would not like my lust, nor Rose would I require.

The Marigolde might growe for me, Rosmarie well might rest,

The Fenell to, that is moze fit: for some vnfriendly gest:

For Cowslips would I craue at all, sometime they seeme too cope,

Some ioly youth the Cellisflower, esteemeth for his ioye.

The

of daintie-Deuises.

The Laugher sometimes afafe, allures the lookeers eyes,
The Paunfle shall not haue the prayre, where I may giue the priue.
And thus no flower my fanlie ferues, w^{ch} liketh to my lust,
As that I may subiect my selfe, to toyes of tickle trust.
For flowers though they be faire and fresh, of sent excellling sweete,
Yet grow they on the ground below, we tread them with our feete:
And shall I then goe stoupe to such toyes els goe seeke to chose,
Shall flowers enforce me once to saue, for feare of friends or foes.
Yet rather peebe I to the right, as reason hath assignd,
Pine auchoy sayd there was no salue, in flowers for me to finde:
And yet perhaps some Tree there is, to shewd me from the thowter,
That with her armes may salue the soule, that peebech to her powert.
Where I may finde some pleasurat shade, to salue me from the sunne,
Eche thing we see that reason hath, vnto the Trees do runne:
Both men and beastes such foules as flies, the treasures are the Trees,
And for my part when bzaunches fall, I wish no other fees.
But when that stormes beset me round, such succour God me send,
That I may finde a friendly Tree, that will me well defend:
No Tree there is which yeeldes no good, to some that doth it seeke,
And as they are of diuers kindes, their vses are vnlike.
The Cwe Tree serue the Bowyers tourne, the Ashe the Coupers arte.
The puissant Oke doth make the poste, the Pine some other parte:
The Elm doth helpe to hide the birdes, in wearie Winters night,
The Biers I gesse are nothing wothe, they serue but for despight.
The willow witht I farre from hence, good will deserue no wrong,
The Sallow well may serue their states, that sing so sad a song:
The Bore and Beeche eche for himselfe, aboue the rest doth bolle,
The Eglantine for pleasure oft, is pycked vpon the poste.
The Hawthorne is so sad in price, the Baies doe beare the bell,
And that these Baies did bying no blisse, I like it nor so well:
As erst I doe that seemely Tree, by which those bayes I found,
And wherewithall vntwittingly, I tooke so great a wound,
As if the tree by which I leane, doth lend me no reliefe,
There is no helpe but downe I fall, so great is growne my griefe:
And therefore at the last I craue, this fauour for to finde,
When euery tree that here is to be, begins to grow vnkinde.
The B. for beantie whome I boide, and shall aboue the rest,
That B. may take me to her trust, for B. doth please me best:

The Paradise

It likes me well to walke the way, where B. doth keepe her bowe,
 And where it rapnes to B. I run, to save me from the howers
 This bryanch of B. which here I meene, to keepe and chieflie craue,
 At decke unto this B. I bow, to serve that beautilie bryane:
 What shall I say the time doth passe, the tale so tedious is,
 though loth to leave, yet leave I must, and say no more but this,
 I wish this B. I might embrace, when as the same I see,
 A league for life then I require, betwene this B. and me:
 And though unworthy, yet good will, doth worke the way herein,
 And B. hath brought the same about, which beaurie did begin. *Finis.*

59. In commendation of Musicks.

(opposite,

Where griping grief the hart would wound, & doleful dumps the minde
 There Musick with her silver sound, is wont to speede to geue redress
 Of troubled mindes for every soe, sweete Musicke hath a salve in soe,
 In soe it makes our mirth abound, in grief it cheeres our heavy spites,
 The carefull heart relief hath found, by Musicks pleasant sweete delights,
 Our senses, what should I say more, are subject unto Musicks joys.

The Gods by Musicks hath their pray, the soule therein doth loy,
 for as the Roman Poets say, in seas whom Pirates would destroy,
 A Dolphin saue from death most sharpe, Aris playing on his Harpe,
 Of beaueuly gift, that turnes the minde like as starne doth rule the ship:
 Oh Musicks whom the Gods assigne to comfort man, who cares would nup;
 With thou hast man & beast doest moue, what wiseman then wil thee reproue.

FINIS.

60. A Dialogue betweene the Anchor and his Eye.

Anchor.

My Eye why doest thou light on that, which was not thine?
 Why hast thou with thy sight, thus laine an heart of mine?
 O thou unhappie Eye, would God thou hadst bene blinde,
 When first thou didst her spy, for whome this grieffe I finde.

Eye.

Altho' it is not I, that doe deserve such blame,
 Your fancie, not your Eye, is causer of the same:
 For I am ready prest, as Page that serues your ease:
 To search what thing is best, that might your fantasie please.

Anchor.

I sent

of daintie Denises.

Antibow.

I sent thee forth to see, his name to bring to mee,
Though fancie went with thee, thou wert my sinners glee:
Thy message being done, thou mightst returne againe,
As *Capid Venus* soure, no whit my heart should paine.

Eye.

Where fancy beareth sway, there *Capid* will be bold,
And reason flies away from *Capid* wast of gold:
If you finde cause thereby, some deale of painefull smart,
Alas blame not your eye; but blame consent of hart.

Antibow.

My hart must I excuse, and lay the fault on thee,
Because thy sight did chuse, when hart from thought was free:
Thy sight thus brought consent, consent hath byed my griefe,
And griefe thus be content, with sorrow for reliefe.

FINIS. *W. Humis.*

61. Finding no love, he desireth death.

The Connie in his Cave, the Ferret doth annoy,
And siging thence his life to save, himselfe doth he destroy:
His berrie round about beset, with Hunters snares,
So that when he to scape starts out, is caught therein by snares,
Like choise poore man have I, to bide and rest in Loue,
Or els from thence to fle, as had a death to pprove.

I see in Loue no rest, unkindnesse doth pursue,
To rent his heart out of his brest, which is a Louer true:
And if from Loue I starte, as one that Loue forsakes,
Then penitence thoughtes my heart doth pearce, and so my life it takes:
Then thus to fle or bide, hard is the choise to chuse.
Since death hath camp'd, and trench'd ech side, and saith life now refuse.

Content I am therefore, my life therein to spend,
And death I take a salve for soye, my wearie dayes to end:
And thus I you require, that faithfull Loue profess,
When carcase cased in his Chest, and body laid on brest.
Your bynith reares to save, such as my coyle shall issue,
And therewith write upon my grave, behold the foyle of Loue.

FINIS. *W. Humis.*

The Paradise

g Hope well and haue well.

In hope the shipman hopeth safe, in hope of passage good;
In hope of health the sick man, doth suffer losse of blood;
In hope the prisoner linckt in chaines, hopes libertie to finde;
Thus hope breeds health and health breeds ease, to euery troubled minde.

In hope desire gets victorie, in hope great comfort springes,
In hope the Louer liues in ioyes, he feares no dreadfull thinges;
In hope we liue and may abide, such stormes as are affligde,
Thus hope breeds health, and health breeds ease, to euery troubled minde.

In hope we easily suffer harme, in hope of future time,
In hope of fruites, the paines seemes sweete, that to the tree doctt come;
In hope of Loue, such glory growes, as now by prooffe I finde,
That hope breeds health, and health breeds ease, to euery troubled minde.

FINIS. W. Hamnis.

He requesteth some friendly comfort.

affirming his constancie.

The mountaine his whose lofty toppes, doth weete che haucie this
The craggy rocke that to the sea, stre passage doth deny:
The aged Oke that doth resist, the force of blustering blast,
The pleasaunt hearbe that euery where, a fragrant smell doth cast.
The Lions force whose courage stout, declares a princelike might,
The Eagle that for woorthines, is borne of kinges in fight:
The Serpent eke whose poysoned iawes, doth belieue venime vile,
The lothsome Toad that shunmeth light, and liueth in erile.
These these I say, and thousandes moze, by tract of time decay,
And like to time doe quite consume, and vade from time to day:
But my true heart and seruice bowde, shall last ring out of minde;
And still remayne as thine by vowde, as Cupid hath assigned;
By faith loe here I bow to thee, my troth thou knowest right well,
By goodes, my frendes, my life is thine, what neede I more to tell?
I am not mine but thine I vowe, thy helles I will obey,
And serue thee as a seruant ought, in pleasing if I may.
And sith I haue no flying winges, to see thee as I wishe,
He smites to cut the siluer Decemes, as doth the shining fish:
Wherefore leaue now forgetfulness, and send againe to me,
And straine thy Azure baynes to wyce, when I may greeting see.

And

of daintie Deuiſes.

And thus fare well moze deare to me, then chiefest friend I haue,
Whose loue in hart I minde to keepe, till death his ſee doe craue.

FINIS. M. Edwards.

¶ He complaineth his miſhap.

Shall rigour raigne where ruth hath run, shall ſanſie now ſozlake?
Shall ſortune loſe that ſauour wonne, shall not your anger ſlake?
Shall hatefull heart be had in you, that friendly did pretend,
Shall ſlipper thought and ſaith untrue, that heart of yours defend?

Shall Nature ſhew your beautie faire, that gentle ſeemes to be?
Shall ſtrowardneſſe your ſanſies heire, be of moze ſoyce then ſhe?
Shall now diſtaine the byagge of Death, direct and lead the way?
Shall all the Impen upon the pearth, reioyce at my decay?

Shall this the ſervice of my youth, haue ſuch reward at laſt?
Shall I receiue rigour of ruth, and be from ſauour caſt?
Shall I therefore berent my beares, with wightes that wiſh to dye,
Or shall I bathe my ſelfe with teares, to feede your ſicke eye.

No, no, I ſhall in paine lye ſtill, with Turtle Dove moſt true,
And bow my ſelfe to wit and will, their counſels to enſue:
Good Ladies all char louers be, and that to be pretende,
Giue place to wit, let reaſon ſeeme, your enemies to defende.

Leaſt that you thinke as I haue thought, your ſelfe to ſtrive in vayne,
And ſo to be in thraldome brought, with me to ſuffer paine.

FINIS. W. Humis.

¶ No foe to a flatterer.

I Would it were not as I thinke, I would it were not ſo,
I am not blinde although I winke, I feele what windes doe blowe:
I know where craft with ſmiling cheare, creepes into boldned brest
I heare how fayned ſpeeches ſpeakes fayze, where hatred is poſſeſt.
I ſee the ſerpent lye and lurke, vnder the greene alowe,
I ſee him watche a time to worke, his poiſon to beſtowe.

In friendly looke ſuch fraude is founde, as ſaith ſoz feare is ſlew,
And friendship hath receiue ſuch wound, as he is almoſt dead:

I

And

The Paraisie

And hatefull heart with mallice great, to boyles in cantred mine,
 That flatterie flearing in the face, had almost made me blinde
 But now I see all is not golde, that glittereth in the eye,
 No; yet such friends as they professe, as now by prooffe I trie.

Though secret spight by craft, haue made a coate of Painters chin,
 And thinks to kinde me in the shade, by sleight to wip me in
 Yet God be prayed my eye is cleare, and can beholde the soone,
 When fullsoone dare not once appeare, so euen that he be gone.
 Thus time shall trie the thing amisse, which God saue shortly sende,
 And turne the heart that fauered is, to be a faithfull seruant.

FINIS. W. Humilis.

His comparison of Loue.

The spider with great skill, doth trauell day by day,
 His limms no time hee still, to set his house in state;
 And when he hath it wrought, thinking therein to enigne,
 A blast of winde vnthought, doth vsine it vnder againe.

The prooffe wherof is true, to make his worke strong;
 He paines himselfe a newe, in hope to dwell more long;
 And in some secret place, a coyner of a wall,
 He frameth himselfe apart, to build and rest withall.

His pleasure sweete to stay, when he to rest is bent,
 An vgly spanble fley, approbeth to his Tent;
 And there intermeds by force, his labours great to winne,
 O; els to peele his coyle, by fatall death therein.

Thus is the spiders nest, from time to time throtne downe,
 And he to labour prest, with endles paine vnknowne;
 So such as louers be, like crauell doe attaine,
 Those endlesse woes ye see, are alwaies full of paine.

FINIS. W. Humilis.

A Louers loye.

I haue no loye, but dreame of loye, and say to thinke on loye,
 A loye I wish tooode, to finish mine annoye:
 I hate not without cause alas, yet loue I know not why,

I thought

of daintie Deuiſes.

I thought to hate, I cannot hate, although I ſee I ſhould hate:
 I ſee moſt ſweete, a ſecond moſt ſweete, I ſee ſo ſweete embrace:
 I hate the wrong, and not the wight, that wozt my worfull caſe:
 What thing it is I know not I, but yet a thing there is,
 That in my fancie ſtill perſuades there is no other bliſſe,
 The toyes of liſe, the pangues of death, it makes me ſeele eche vaine,
 But liſe no; death, this humoz can, deuiſe to weare a way:
 I woulde I dye, but yet in death, no hope I ſee remaine,
 And ſhall I liue? ſince liſe I ſee, a courſe of ſayn paine,
 What is it then that I doe ſeek, what hope woulde I aſpire,
 A thing that is diuine belike, too high for mans deſire.

FINIS. E. K.

Enill to him that enill thinketh.

The ſubtil ſilly ſlightes, that woꝛldly men doe wozke,
 The ſturdy ſhewes, vnder whoſe ſhade, moſt craft vith oft enlar
 Enfoꝛceth me alas, with yernfull voyces to ſay,
 Alas wozthe the willie heades, that ſeekes the ſimple mans decay.

The bird that weades no guile, is ſoonest caught in ſnare,
 The gentle harte deuoyde of craft, is ſoonest brought to care:
 Good Nature ſoonest traps, which giues me cauſe to ſaie,
 Woe wozthe the willie heades, that ſeekes the ſimple mans decay.

I ſee the ſerpent vile, that lukes vnder the greene,
 How ſubtilly he ſhrowdes himſelfe, that he may not be ſeene:
 And yet his foſters bane, his learing lookes betway,
 Woe wozthe the willie heades that ſeekes, the ſimple mans decay.

Woe wozth the ſeyning lookes, on fauour that we doe waite,
 Woe wozth the ſeynes friendly heart, that harbours herpe deceite:
 Woe wozthe the Clipers hooꝛe, oh thiſe woe wozthe I ſay,
 All woꝛldly willie heades, that ſeekes the ſimple mans decay.

FINIS. M. Edwardes,

¶ He aſſureth his conſtancie.

With painted ſpeech I liſt not proue, my cunning ſoz to trie,
 No; yet will vſe to fill my pen, with guilefull flatterie:

The Paradise

With pen in hand, and hart in best, shall faithfull promise make
To loue you best, and serue you moste, by your great vertues sake.

And sure vaine Nature hath you deckt, with giftes about the rest,
Let not Disdain a harbour finde, within your noble best:
For Loue hath led his Latwe a like, to men of eche degree,
so that the Begger with the Prince, shall Loue as well as he.

I am no Prince, I must confesse, no yet of Princes line,
No yet a brutish Begger borne, that feedes among the swine:
The fruite shall trie the tree at last, the blossomes good or no,
Then doe not iudge of me the wofe, till you haue tried me so.

As I deserue, so then reward, I make you iudge of all,
If I be false in worde or deede, let Lightning chunder fall:
And furies fell with franticke fites, bereaue and steale my breathe,
For an example to the rest, if I shall breake my faith.

FINIS. W. Humis.

Complayning of his misdeed to his friend, he complaineth wittely.

A. **T**he fire shall freeze, the frost shall fric the frozen mountaines bie,
B. What strange thinges hath vaine natures force, to turne her course
A. By loue hath me left, and taken a new man. (awpie:
B. This is not strange, it happes oft times, the truth to scan.
A. The moze is my payne, B. her loue then refrayne.
A. who thought she would sit, B. eche one that hath wit:
A. Is this not strange, B. light loue will chaunge.

A. By skillfull meanes I here reclayne, to stoupe vnto my sure,
B. Such haggard Haikes will soare away, of them who can be sure:
A. With siluer belles and hoode, my toy was her to decke.
B. She was full goyde, she would the sooner giue the checke.
A. the moze is my payne, B. her loue then refrayne,
A. Who thought she would sit, B. eche one that hath wit:
A. Is not this strange, B. light loue will chaunge.

A. Her chirping lips shoud chirpe to me, sweete wordes of her desire,
B. such chirping birdes who cuer sawe, to peeach still on one Pyre:

A. the

of daintie Denises.

A. She sayd she loued me best, and would not till the day,
 B. She sayd in wordes, she thought it not as true both tyme.
 A. The moze is my payne, B. her Loue then restrayne,
 A. Who thought she would stir, B. ech one that hath wit:
 A. Is not this straunge, B. light Loue will chaunge.

A. Can no man winne a woman so, to make her Loue endure,
 B. To make the fore his wifes to leane, what man will put in by:
 A. why then there is no choyse, but all women will chaunge,
 B. As men do vse, so some women do Loue to raunge.
 A. The moze is my payne, B. her Loue then restrayne,
 A. who thought she would stir, B. ech one that hath wit:
 A. Is not this straunge, B. light Loue will chaunge.

A. With slipper gayne fallas to my lot, farewell that gilding may,
 B. With that the Dice doth run awyle, betimes leaue of thy play:
 A. I will no moze lament, the thing I may not haue,
 B. Then by erchaunge the losse to come, all shalt thou saue.
 A. Loue will I restraigne, B. thereby thou shalt gayne,
 A. with losse I will leaue, B. she will thee deceiue,
 A. That is not straunge, B. then let her raunge.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

No paynes comparable to his attempt.

Like as the dolefull Doue, delightes alone to bee,
 And doth refuse the bloomed byanche, chusing the leasleste tree:
 whercon waityng his chaunce, with bitter teares bespyent,
 Doth with his bill, his tender bzeast, oft pearse and all to rent.
 Whose greuous groninges tho: whole gripes of pinyng payne,
 whose gasly lookes, whose bloudy streames out flowing from ech bayne:
 Whose falling from the tree, whose panting on the ground,
 Examplis be of myne estate, tho there appeare no wounde.

FINIS. W. Hamis.

He repenteth his follie.

Alacke when I looke backe, vpon my youth chats past,
 And deeply ponder youtthes offence, and youtthes reward at last:

The Paradise

With sighes and teares I say, O God I not denie,
My youth with follie hath deserued, with follie soj to dye.
But yet if euer sinfull man, might mercy moue to ruih,
Good Lord with mercy do forgive, the follies of my youth.

In youth I range the fieldes, where vices all did grow,
In youth alas I wanted grace, such vice to ouerthrow:
In youth what I thought sweete, most bitter now do finde,
Thus hath the follies of my youth, with follie kept me blind.
Yet as the Eagle castes her bill, whereby her age reneweth,
So Lord with mercy do forgive, the follies of my youth.

FINIS. *W. Humis.*

No pleasure without some payne.

How can the tree, but wast and wither away,
That hath not sometime comfort of the Sunne:
How can that flower but fade, and soone decay,
That alwayes is with darke cloudes runne.
Is this a life, nay death you may it call,
That feeles eche payne, and knoweth no ioy at all.

What foolesse beast, can liue long in good plight,
O? is it life, where senses there be none:
O? what anapt th eyes, without their light?
O? els a tongue, to him that is alone.
Is this a life? nay death you may it call,
That feeles eche payne, and knowes no ioy at all.

Whereto serue cares, if that there be no sounde,
O? such a head, where no deuise doth grow:
But all of plaintes, since sorrow is the grounde,
Whereby the hart, doth pine in deadly woe.
Is this a life, nay death you may it call,
That feeles eche payne, and knowes no ioy at all.

FINIS. *L. Vaux.*

The

of daintie Denises.

The friends offeyned friends.

In choyle of friends what hap had I, to chuse out of *Shew* kinde, (blind:
Whose harpe, whose pipe, whose melodie could feede my eares & make me
Whose pleasaunt voyce made me forget, that in sure trust is great deceit,
In trust I see is treason found, and man to man deceiptfull is,
And where as treasure doth abound, of flatterers there do not misse,
Whose painted speech, and outward shew, do seeme as friends and be not so.

Would I haue thought in thee to be, the nature of the *Crocodile*,
Which if a man a sleepe may see, with blousy thirst desires to kill:
And the with teares a while can weepe, that death of him thus slaine a sleepe
O fauell false, thou traitour boyne, what mischief moze might thou deuise:
Then thy deare friend to haue in scoyne, and him to wound in sunny wise,
Which still a friend pretends to be, and art not so by prooffe I see.

Fie, fie, vpon such freetherie.

If such false shippes do haunt the shoare,
Strike downe the sayle and trust no more.

M. Edwards.

A Dialogue betweene a Gentleman and his Loue.

A. Shall I no way win you, to graunt my desire?

B. That woman will graunt you, the thing you requirer

A. You onely to loue me, is all that I craue,

B. You onely to leaue me, is all I would haue.

A. O deare alas, now say not so,

B. To loue you best, I must say no,

A. Yet will I not sic, **B.** then play on the bit:

A. I will, **B.** so still, **A.** yet kill not, **B.** I will not,

A. Make me your man, **B.** bestow me than.

A. The swifter I follow, then you sic away,

B. Swift haukes in their flying, oft times misse their pray,

A. Yet some killeth deadly, that sic to the mark:

B. You shall touch no feather, therof take no care,

A. Yet hope shall further my desire:

B. You blow the coales, and raike no fire,

A. Yet will I not sic, **B.** then play on the bit:

The Paradise

A. I will, B. do still, A. yet kill not, B. I will not.
A. Make me your man, B. bestow me than.

A. To loue is no daunger, where true loue is ment.
B. I will loue no raunger, least that I repent:
A. My loue is no raunger, I make God awot,
B. To trust your smooth sayings, I sure know not how:
A. Most cruch I meane, as time shall wel trie,
B. No truth in men, I oft chide:
A. Yet will I not flit, B. then play on the bit,
A. I will, B. doe still, A. yet kill not, B. I will not:
A. Make me your man, B. bestow me than.

A. Some women may say nay, and meane loue most true,
B. Some women can make foolay, of as wise men as you:
A. In time I shall catch you, I knowe when and where,
B. I will soone dispatch you, you shall not come there.
A. Some speedes at length, that oft haue mist,
B. I am well armed, come when you list:
A. Yet will I not flit, B. then play on the bit,
A. I will, B. doe still, A. yet kill not, B. I will not,
A. Make me your man, B. bestow me than.

A. Yet worke your kinde kindly graunt me loue for loue,
B. I will vse you frendly, as I shall you proue:
A. Most true you shall finde me, I this doe protest,
B. Then sure you shall binde me, to graunt your request.
A. O happy theede, now haue I sponne,
B. You sing before the conquest wonne.
A. Tell by then, will you swaue, B. euen as you deserue:
A. Loue still, B. I will, A. yet kill not, B. I will not,
A. Make me your man, B. come to me than.

FINIS. M. Edwards.

*Exclayming vpon his vnkinde Loue, his
friend replyeth wittely.*

M. **W**hat death may be, compared to Loue;
H. What grief therein, now haest thou proued?

M.

of daintie Dances.

M. My paynes alas, who can expresse,

H. I see no cause of beautiesse, nor anye yett so sad myght.

M. My Ladies lookes, my woe hath brought,

H. Then blame thine eyes, that first hath brought.

M. I burne alas, and blase the fire,

H. A soole consumes by his desire.

M. What shall I do thane come out and thou can,

M. Alas I die, H. what remedie,

M. My sugren sweete, is mixed with gall,

H. Thy Ladie can not doe with all:

M. The more I seeke, the lesse I haue,

H. Then strue not with the streames and winds.

M. Her must I loue, although I smart,

H. With her owne sword, thou slayest thy hart:

M. Such pleasaunt baits, who can refraine,

H. Such baits will sure breed thee great paine.

M. What shall I do thane H. Come out and thou can,

M. Alas I die, H. what remedie.

M. Her golden beames, mine eyes do boze,

H. Upon the sunne, thou mayest not gaze:

M. She might reward, my cruell smart,

H. She thinks thou hardst a saynes hart.

M. She laughes to heare my wofull cries,

H. Forsake her then, in tyme be wise:

M. No, no, alas, that may not bee,

H. No wise man then, will pitee thee:

M. What shall I doe thane H. Come out and thou can,

M. Alas I die, H. what remedie.

M. A liuing death, loe thus I proue,

H. Such are the fruites of stroward loue:

M. O that I might her loue once gayne,

H. Thy gayne would not, halfe quite the paine.

M. Her will I loue, though she be coy,

H. A soole himselfe, will still annoy:

M. Who will not die, for such a one?

A

K

D

The Paradise

H. Be wise at length, let her alone. *Allegretto and off, and a singing of 900. 14*

M. I can not do so, H. then be the stone for, *the stone for* to stone the old & H.

M. Glas Type, H. what reme... 14

MINSER

The complaint of a Loner, wearing Blacks and Tannis. JUNE 21. 14

A Crotone of bayes, shall that man wear,

That triumphs over nature: can the virus make us think again. M

For blacke and tawne will I weare,

Which mourning colours be.

Mr. Tolson advised that he had been informed by Mr. [redacted] that [redacted] was in the city.

The more I follow on, the more she fled away, and soon had gone. . . . A

As *Daphne* did full long ago, *Apoelles* withful plays

the more my plaintes I recount, the less the pities me,

The more I sought, the less I found; that mine he means to be.

H. C. ...

Melpomene alas, with dolefull tunes betwixt,

Und sing *Bis*, wo's weith on ins Gefahren war:

Then *Daphnes* bays Qull that ma weare, that triumphes ouer me,

For blacke and raineie will I weare, which mourning colours be.

Drive me you trickling tears, you wallowing weights of woe,

Come helpe these hands to rent my heares, my vntill hap to shoue!

Of whom the scorching flames of Love, doth feede you see,

Oh a lalalantida my deare Dame, hath thus tormented mee.

1910

Wherefore you Dukes nine, with dolefull rimes helpe than,

And sing *Bis* woe woeche on me forsaken man:

Then *Daphnes* b'yes shall that mā wear, that triumphs o'er me,

For blacke and tannie mill I dreze, which mourning colours be.

1944

An Ankers life to lead, with nappies to scratch my grave,

Where earthly wormes on me shall feede, is all the loyes I craue:

name, such that no one eyes do see.

Finding

of faintie Denises.

That this following no trifles, but complements should be.
Inquest of my relief, I finde distress,
 In recompence of Loue, most deepe dispayne:
 My languor such, as woordes may not expresse,
 A shower of teares, my matrix eye doth rapne,
 I dreame of this, and doe define of tooe,
 I wander in the thoughts of my sweets foe,
 I would no peace, the cause of warre I see,

I hope, I feare, I burne, I chill in frost,
 I lye a lowe, yet mountes my mynde on hye,
 Thus yonderfull stormes, my troubles thoughts haue toll,
 And so; my payne, this pleasure do I proue,
 I hate my selfe, and pine in others Loue,

The world I graipe, yet hold I nought at all,
 At libertie I serue, in prison yett;
 I call the sweete, more bitter then bitter gall,
 My ship seemes sounde, and yet her ribbes be rent,
 And out alas, on fortune false I crye,
 Looke what I craue, that still she doth denye.

Both life and death, be equall vnto me,
 I do desire to dye, yet craue I life:
 My wittes with fumbry thoughts do disagree,
 My selfe am with my selfe at mortall strife.
 As warmth of Sunne, doth melt the silver snow,
 The heate of Loue, bebold consumes me so.

FINIS. R. H. H.

*Written vpon the death of his especiall good friend Ma-
 ster Iohn Barnabe, who departed this life at Bra-
 sted, in the Countie of Southampton. 1579.*
1471107. 1579. Aetatis 76.

Mine owne good father thou art gone, thine eares are stoppt with clay,
 Thy ghost is fled, thy body dead, thou hearest not what I say:
 2

Thy

The Paradise

Thy dearest friendes may sigh and sob, thy children crie and call
 Thy wife may waile, and not p̄uaile, noꝝ doe the good at all.
 Though reason would we should reioyce, and trickling teares restrain,
 Yet kindlinesse and friendlinesse, enforce vs to complaine.
 Thy life was good, our losse the more, thy presence cheere our heart,
 Thy lacke and absence turnde therefore, our solace into smart.
 I founde thee both a kindly friend, and friendly father too,
 Barnaby lacks breath, O cruell death, and couldest thou part vs two:
 But death derides my woefull wordes, and to my saying saith,
 Thus foolish wight I did but right, I force no friend noꝝ saith.
 The Loꝛde of life and Loꝛde of death, my chearming hand do let,
 Els when that he in cravell lay, I might haue claimd my debt.
 His corpes is clad with cloudes of the pearce, his soule doth soare on hye,
 Before the throne of God aboue, whose seruant he did be.
 And thou his friend, and he his spouse, and they his children shall,
 Behold the father, friend and mate, whose absence greues you all:
 But he noꝝ can, noꝝ will returne, to thee, to her, to them,
 For heauen is his, he liues in blisse, ye dwell with uppall men.
 Ye dwell in darke, and deadfull darke, in p̄sident are ye,
 He liues in light, and all delight, from thys doome franke and free:
 Wishe not that he should come to you, for then ye doe him wrong,
 But wishe that ye may goe to him, the blessed saintes among.

FINIS, H.D.

Cælum non solum.

If care oꝝ skill, could conquere dayne desire,
 Oꝝ reasons raignes, my strong affection stay:
 Then should my sighes, to quiet breath retire,
 And shunne such sighes, as secret thoughtes betwray,
 Uncomely loue, which now lurkes in my brest,
 Should cease my grief, through wisdomes power oppress.

But who can leaue, to looke on Venus face,
 Oꝝ yeldeth not to Iunys high estate:
 What wite so wise, as giues not Pallas place,
 These vertues rare, ech Gods did yeld a mate.
 Saue her alone, who yet on earth doth raigne,
 whose vertues string, no God can well bestraine.

What

of daintie Denises.

What wofull sighes, can hope thy heavenly sight,
When onely sighes, must make his service right:
A silent sure, doth serue to grace aspire,
By haplesse hap, doth roule the restless fire,
Yet Phoebe faire, disdain the heauens above,
To lope on yearth, her pooze Edmonds loue.

Rare is reward, where none can lustily craue,
For chance is chofe, where reason makes no claime:
Yet lucke sometimes, despairing soules doth saue,
A happie starre, made Giges ioye attaine,
A flauish Swirb, of ruse and raskall race,
Found meanes in time, to gaine a Goodesse grace.

Then loffie Loue, thy sacred sailes aduance,
By sighing seas, shall shoine with streames of teares:
Amidst disdaine, dyne forth my dolefull chance,
A ballant minde, no deadly daunger feares.
Who loues a lost, and sets his heart on hie,
Deserues no paine, though he do pyne and dye.

FINIS. E.O.

A Louer reiected, complaineth.

THe trickling teares, that falles along my cheekes,
The secret sighes that shoues my inward grieke:
The present paines perforce, that Loue aye seekes,
Bids me renue my cares without reliefe,
In wofull song, in dole displeis,
By pensine heart for to bewaile.

Bewraile thy grieke, thy wofull heart with speeche,
Resigne thy voyce, to her that canbe thy wo:
With irksome cries, bewaile thy late done verbe;
For she thou louest, is sure thy mortall foe,
And helpe for thee, there is none sure,
But still in paine thou must inuere.

The Paradise

The stricken Deere, hath helpe to haile his wounded glorie
 The haggard Hauke, with toyle is made full tame:
 The strongest Tower, the Canon laies on ground,
 The wisest witte, that euer had the same.
 Was th'all to Lone, by Cupids sleights,
 then way my cause, with equall weighters.

She is my ioye, she is my care and wee,
 She is my paine, she is my ease therefore:
 She is my death, she is my life also,
 She is my salue, she is my wounded ioye.
 In fine, she hath the hand and knife,
 that may both saue and end my life.

And shall I liue on earth to be her thrall:
 And shall I sue and serue her all in vaine?
 And kisse the Steppes that she lets fall,
 And shall I pray the Gods to keepe the paine?
 From her, that is so cruell still,
 No, no, on her worke all your will.

And let her seele, the power of all your might,
 And let her haue her most desire with speede:
 And let her pine away, both day and night,
 And let her mone, and none lament her neede.
 And let all those that shall her see,
 Despise her state, and pise me.

FINIS, E.O.

Not attaining to his desire, he complayneth.

I Am not as I seeme to be, noz when I smile, I am not glad,
 I th'all although you coueyne see, I sit in mirth, most peniue sad:
 I smile to shade my bitter sight, as Hamiball that saw in sight,
 His countrie soile with Carthage towne, by Rancasse force defaced downe.

And Caesar that preferred was, with noble Pompeis princeps hed,
 As twere some Iudge to rule the case, a fload of teares he seemed to shed:

¶

E

Although

of daintie Deuises.

Although in deede it spiong of lope, yet a shew chaunge it doth conuoy,
Thus contraries be vied I finde, of wile to cloke the countermine.

I *Hamball* that smiles for grieffe, and let you *Casars* teares suffice,
The one that laughes at his mischiese, the other all for lope that cries:
I smile to see me scorned so, you weepe for lope to see me won,
And I in heart by Loue slaine dead, presentes a place of *Pompis* head.

O cruell hap, and hard estate, that fojceeth me to loue my foe,
Accursed be so foule a fate, my choise for to misse is so:
So long to fight with secret lope, and finde no secret salue therfore,
Some purge their pain by plaint I shew, but I in vaine do heare my winne.

FINIS, E. Or.

*A young Gentleman willing to trauell into forraygne partes
being intreated to staid in England: Wrote
as followeth.*

Who seekes the way to winne renowne,
O! stiech with winges of high desire
Who seekes to weare the Lawrell crowne,
O! hatch the minde that would aspire,
Let him his native soyle eschewe
Let him goe range and seeke anewe.

The haucie heart is well contente,
With euery chaunce that shall betide
No happe can hinder his intent.
He steadfast standes though Fortune liue:
The Sunne saith he doth shine as well
Abroad as ear: where I did dwell.

In chaunge of streames each fish can liue,
Each fowle content with euery apper:
The noble minde each where can thriue,
And not be drownd in deepe mishapier:
Wherefore I iudge all landes alike
To haucie heartes that Fortune seeke.

The Paradise

To tell the some time thinking a tale,
Some thinke it strange to want to come,
Some thinke it grie to leane their soyle
Their parentes, kinfolkes, and their home.
Thinke to who list, I like it not,
I must abroad to crye my Lot.

Altho lust at home at carte to dudge
And carche and rays for worldly traife:
With buckles shooe let him goe trudge,
In stead of lance a whip to swaife.
A minde thatt base himselfe will shewe,
A carrion sweete to feede a Crowe.

If Iason of that minde had binne,
Or wandring Prince that came from Grece.
The golden fleece had binne to winne,
And Pyams Troy had byn in blisse,
Though dead in verbes and clau in clay,
Their woorthie Fame will nere decay.

The worthies nyne that weare of mightes,
By trauaile wanne immortall praye:
If they had liued like Carpet knightes,
(Consuming poely) all their dayes,
Their prayes had with them bene dead.
Where now abroad their Fame is spread.

FINIS.

g No ioye comparable to a quiet minde.

In lothsome race, pursued by slippery life,
Whose sugred guile, doth glistering ioy present:
The carefull ghost, oppressed soye with strife,
Peeldes ghostly groanes, from painefull passions sent.
The sinnefull flesh, that beares him here in betwe,
In sleeve of life, doth beare full beech paradise.

The

of daintie Denises.

The way he seeth, by touch of sweetes grace,
Whererin to ranne, alas he gladly would:
But sickie flesh, his wretched dwelling place,
Doeth so rebell, at that which doe he should.
That silly soule, who steales his beautee nerde,
Can onely will, but naught performe in deede.

Thy will through grace, doeth oft desire the good,
But all in vaine, for that the fleshly foe:
Peeldes forth such fruites, as sinnes hath byen in doo,
And blindly suckes, the sap of deadly woe.
Esteeming shewes of sickle fancies knowne,
And scooping fruit by grace, eternall sowne.

Though eye doth see, that death doth swallow all,
Both life and lust, and every sound delight:
Yet wretched flesh, through blame is made so chyll,
That nought it markes, apparant thinges in sight.
That might him craine, to care of better grace,
Dothe doeth his bale, with greivous lust imbace.

Then since desert, and al thinges weare away,
That nought remains, but fruites of grace or sinne:
God build in vs, such conscience, as can say,
This fruit not mine, but sinne that dwelt in me,
For why to sinne, I dayly doe in sight,
that unto Christ, I may reuiue my sight.

FINIS. *3 Cantabro.*

That Love is required by disdayne.

I A search of thinges that secret are, my mates muse began,
What it might be, molessted most the hea and minde of man:
The bending brow of Princes face, to wache that noth attende,
Or want of Parentes, wife or childe, or losse of faithfull friends,
the roaring of the Canon shot, that makes the peerce to shake,
Or terror such as mightie Love, from heauen aboue can make:

L

an

The Paradise

All these in time may not compare, experience is doth proue,
Unto the commentes sharpe and straunge, of such as be in Loue.

Loue lookes a lofe, and laughes to scoyne, all such as grief annoy,
The moze extreame their passions be, the greater is his toy:
thus loue as victor of the field, triumphes above the rest,
And ioyes to see his subiectes lye, with liuing death in brest.
But dire disdaine lets dyne a shaft, & gaules this bzagging foole,
He pluckes his plumes, vnbrs his bow, & lets him new to schoole
Whereby this boy that bzagged late, as conquerour ouer all,
Now pelues himselfe vnto disdaine his vassall and his chfall.

FINIS. W. Hurnis.

Of a contented state.

In wealth we see some wealthie men, abounde in wealth most wealthie,
In wealth we see those men agayne, in wealth do liue most wretchedly:
And yet of wealth hauing moze store,
Then eart of wealth they had before.

These wealthy me do seeme to want, they seeme to wat that most they haue,
The moze posses, the moze they craue, the moze they craue, the greater store:
That most they haue, they thinke but skant,
Yet not content, woe be therfore.

The simple men that lesse wealth haue, with lesser wealth we see content:
Content are they twixt wealth and scathe, a life to lead indifferent:
And thus of wealth, these men haue moze,
Then those of which we spoke before.

FINIS. W. Hurnis.

Being disdayned, he complaineth.

If frendlesse saye: if guilelesse thought may thiselot
If simple truth, that neuer meant to swarne:
If deare desire, accepten fruite do yelo,
If greedie lust, in loyall life do leaue,
then may my plaine, bewayle my heauie harme,
That seeking calme, haue stumbled on the stoyne.

of daintie Deniser.

My mouthe cheere, eclipsed by the cloudy
Of deepe disloyne, through errors of reigne;
If wearie moe, entrapped in the shew,
Lyes slayne by tongue, of the vntrewe soye,
Pet heauen and earth, and all that nature wrought,
I call to vowe of my vnspotted thought.

No shade I seeke, in part to shield my tainte,
But simple truth, I hunt no other suite:
On that I gaze, the illur of my plainte,
If that I quaple, let iustice me confute,
If that my place, amongst the guiltlesse soye,
Repay by doome, my name and good repute.

Goe heauy verse, pursue desired grace,
Where pitie shine, in cell of secret brest;
Awaites my hast, the rightfull lot to place,
And lothes to see, the guiltlesse man oppress.
Whose vertues great, hath crownde her moze with fame,
then kingly state, though largely shine the same.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

Of the meanes estate.

The higher that the Cedar tree, unto the heauens do grow,
The moze in dangers in the top, when stormy winde gan blow:
Who iudges then in Princely choyse, to be deuolde of hate,
Doth not yet know what heapes of ill, lyes hid in such estate.
Such dangers great, such gripes of mynde, such toyle do they sustaine,
that often tymes of God they wish, to be vnkings agayne.

For as the huge and mightie rockes, with stand the raging seas,
So kingdomes in subiection lie, whereas dame Fortune please:
Of brittle toy, of smylng cheare, of homie mixe with gall,
Alotted is to every Prince, in freedom to be thall.
What watches long, what sleepes vnure, what grief and care of mynde,
What bitter boyles, what endless toyles, to kingdomes be assigne.

The Paradise

The subject then may well compare, with Prince for pleasure dotes,
whose silent night brings quiet rest, whose sleepes no flame temptations:
How much be we then bound to God, who such promise makes,
to lay our cares upon the Prince, thus both be for our sakes,
to him therefore let vs lift up our heartes, and pray amaine,
that every prince that he hath please, may long in quiet raigne.

FINIS. W. Humis.

Of a contented minde.

When all is done and said, in the ende thus shall you finde,
the moste of all doth bathe in blisse, that hath a quiet minde:
And cleere from worldly cares, to deeme can be content,
the sweetest time of all this life, in thinking to be spent.

The bodie subject is, to fickle Fortunes power,
And to a million of mishaps, is casuall every hower:
And death in time, doth chaunge it to a clodd of clay,
When as the minde which is deuine, runnes neuer to decay.

Companion none is like, vnto the minde alone,
For many haue begne harme by speche, through thinking few or none
Few often times restraineth wordes, but makes no thoughtes to cease,
And say he speaks best that hath the skill, when for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves vs at death, our kinsmen at the grave,
But vertues of the minde, vnto the heauens with vs haue,
wherefoze for vertues sake, I can be well content,
the sweetest time of all my life, to deeme in thinking spent.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

True before you trust.

TD counsell my estate, abandonde to the spoile,
Of forgiued frendes whose grossest fraude, is set with finest soile:
To be true dealing waightes, whose trust no reason straddes,
And all too deare th' acquaintance be, of such most harmefull heades.
I am aduised thus, who so doth friend, friend so,
As though to morrowe next he feared, for to become a foe.

To

of daintie Deuises.

To haue a feined friend, no perill like I finde,
Of fering face may mantell best, a mischief in the minde:
A paire of Angels eares oft times, doth hide a Serpentes hart,
Under whose gripes who so doth come, to late bewailes the smart,
Wherfoze I do aduise, who so doth friend, friend so,
As though to morrow next, he should become a mortall foe.

Refuse respecting frendes, that courtly know to sayne,
For gold that winnes for gold, shall lose, the selfe same friend agayne:
The quaple needes neuer feare, the foulers netts to fall,
If he would neuer bend his eare, to listen to his call.
Therfoze trust not to soone, but when you friend, friend so,
As though to morrow next, ye fearde for to become a fo.

FINIS. LVANX.

He renounceth all the effectes of Loue,

LIke as the Harte, that listeth by his eares,
To heare the houndes, that bath him in the chace:
Doth cast the winde, in daungers and in feares,
With flying foote, to passe away apace.
So must I flie, of Loue the dayne pursute,
Wherof the gayne, is lesser then the fruite.

And I also, must loth those learing lookes,
Where Loue doth lurke, still with his subtile sleight:
With painted mockes, and inward hidden hookes,
To trappe by trust, that lyeth not in wayte.
The end wherof, assay it who so shall,
As sugred smart, and inward bitter gall.

And I must flie such Syrian songes,
Wherewith that *Circes*, *J*esses did enchaunt:
These willie watteres, I meane with fies tongues,
That hartes of Steele haue power to daunt:
Who so as Hauke, that stoopeth to their call,
For most deserte, receiueth least of all.

But woe to me, that first beheld these eyes,

The Paradise

The trappe wherein, I say that I was tane:
An outward salve, which inward me destroyes,
Whereto I runne, as rat unto her bane.
As to the fish, sometime it doth befall,
that with the baite, doth swallow hookes and all.

Althyn my bycast, wherewith I dayly fedde,
The dayne repast, of amorous hote desire:
with loytering lust, so long that hath me fedde,
Till he hath brought me to the flaming fire.
In time as *Phoenix* endes her care and carkes,
I make the fire, and burne my selfe with sparkes.

FINIS. *L'Vaux.*

Behynking himselfe of his end, writeth thou,
When I behold the Baier, my last and posting boyle,
that bare shall to the graue, my vile and carren coyle:
Then say I feeble wretch, why doest thou put thy trust,
In thinges either made of clay, that soone will turne to dust.

Doest thou not see the young, the hardie and the sayre,
that now are past and gone, as though they neuer were:
Doest thou not see thy selfe, drawt ouerly to thy last,
As shafes which that is shot, at birdes that flieth fast.

Doest thou not see hots death, through smiteth with his launce,
Some by warre, some by plague, and some by woollie chaunce:
What thing is there on earth, for pleasure that was made,
But goeth moze swift away, then doth the sommer shade.

Loe here the sommer flower, that sprong this other day,
But winter weareth as fast, and bloweth cleare away:
Euen so shalt thou consume from youth to lothsome age,
For deatch he doth not spare, the Prince moze then the Page.

Thy house shalbe of clay, a clotte vnder thy hedde,
Unill the latter day, the graue shalbe thy bedde:
Unill the blowing trompe doth say to all and some,

Rise

of daintie Denises.

Rise by out of the grane, for now the iudge is come.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

Being in Love, he complaineth.

Exfors by Loue and feare, to please and not offend,
Within the wordes you would me write, a message I must send:
A wofull errande sure, a wretched man must write,
A wretched tale, a wofull head, befermeth to indite.

For what can be but wayle, that hath but all he would,
And yet that all is nought at all, but lacke of all he should:
But lacke of all his minde, what can be greater grief,
That haue and lacke that likes him best, must needs be most mischief.

Now foole what makes thee waile, yet some might say full well,
That hath no harme but of thy selfe, as thou thy selfe canst tell:
to whom I aunswere thus, since all my harmes do grow,
Upon my selfe, so of my selfe, some hap may come I trow.

And since I see, both hap and harme betides to mee,
For present woe, my after blisse, will make me not forget thee:
Who hath a field of gold, and may not come therrin,
Must liue in hope, till he haue force, his treasure well to win.

Whole toyes by hope of dreav, to conquere or to lose,
So great a wealth doth rise, and for example doth disclose:
to winne the golden Fleece, tooke Iason not in dreav,
Till Medea hope of healt, did giue him hope to speede.

Yet sure his minde was much, and yet his feare the more,
That hath no hap, but by your helpe, may hap for to restore:
The raging Bulles he dreav, yet by his Ladies charme,
He knew it might be brought to passe, they could do little harme.

Unto whose grace yeld he, as I do offer me,
Into your handes to hap, not like him for to be:
But as king Priamus, did yeld him to the will,
Of Cressed false, which him forsooke with Diomedes to spill.

The Paradise

So I to you commend my faith, and eke my love,
I hope you will not be so false, as Cressed was to Troye:
For if I be untrue, her Lazars death I wish,
And eke in thee if thou be false, her clapper and her vish.

FINIS. R. L.

Being in trouble, he writeth thus.

I A terrors trap, with thysdome chust,
Their choynie thoughtes, to cast and drie:
In conscience cleare, from cause vniust,
With carping teares did call and drie.
And sayd O God, yet thou art he,
That can and will deliuer me.

Bis.

Thus trembling there, with teares I trod,
To totter tide, in trutthes defence:
With sighes and sobbes, I sayd O God,
Let right not haue this recompence.
Least that my sores, might laugh to see,
That thou wouldest not deliuer me.

Bis.

My soule then to repentance came,
My ragged clothes all rent and torne:
And did bewaile the losse it manne,
With lochsome life, so long forlorne,
And sayd O God, yet thou art he,
that can and will deliuer me.

Bis.

Then comfort came, with clothes of ioy,
whole seames were faithfull stedfastnesse:
And did bedecke the naked boe,
that ear I was full of wretchednesse.
And sayd be glad, for God is hee:
that shortly will deliuer thee.

FINIS. W. Humis.

Being troubled in minde, he writeth as followeth.

The bitter swete, that straynes my pelded hart,
the carelesse count, that doth the same imbarte:

The

of daintie Deuises:

The doubtfull hope, to reape my due desarte,
The pensilue path, that guides my restlesse race,
Are at such warre, within my wounded brest,
As doth bereue my ioy, and eke my rest.

My greedy will, that seekes the golden gayne,
My lucklesse lot, doth alway take in wayne:
My mated minde, that dreades my lutes in dayne,
My picious plaint, doth helpe to set it forth.
So that betwene, two waues of raging Seas,
I vyue my dayes, in troubles and diseale.

My wofull eyes do take their chief delight,
To feede their fill vpon the pleasant maze,
My hidden harmes that grow in me by sight:
With pinyng paynes do vyue me from the gaze,
And to my hope, I reape no other hire,
But burne my selfe, and I do blow the fire.

FINIS. I, Hatwood.

Looke or you leape.

If thou in suretie safe wilt sit,
If thou delight at rest to dwell,
Spende no more wordes then shall seeme fit,
Let tongue in silence talke expell,
In all thinges that thou seest men bent,
See all, say nought, hold thee content.

In worldly workes degrees are thre,
Makers, doers, and lookers on,
The lookers on, haue libertie:
Both the others to iudge vpon,
Wherfoze in all, as men are bent,
See all, say nought, hold thee content.

The makers oft, are in fault found,
The deers doubt of pyples or shame.
The lookers on finde surest ground,

They

The Paradise

They haue the fruite, yet free from blame,
This doth perswade in all here ment,
See all, say nought, hold thee content.

The Proverbe is not South and well,
which hath bene sayd long time agoe,
Of little medling commeth great rest:
The busie man neuer wanteth woe,
The best way is, in all wayes sent,
See all, say nought, hold thee content.

FINIS. I. Hairwood.

A description of the world.

What is this worlde, a net to snare the soule,
A masse of sinne, a desert of deceite,
A momentes ioy, an age of wretched dole:
A lure from grace, for flesh a lousie baite,
Unto the minde a canker worme of care,
Untrue, vnjust, in rending man his share,

A place where pride ozerunnes the honest minde,
where riche men toyne, to robbe the shiftlesse wretch,
where bribing mistes, do blind the Iudges eyen:
where Parasites, the fattest crows do catch,
where good besartes, which challenge like reward,
Are ouer blowen, with blastes of light regard.

And what is man: dust, sinne, a puffe of winde,
Conceide in sinne, platt in the worlde with grief,
Brought vp with care, till care hath caught his minde:
And then till death vouchsafe him some relief,
Day, yea no: night, his care doth take an end,
To gather goodes, for other men to spend.

Oh foolish man, that art in office platt,
Thinke whence thou comest, and whether thou shalt goe,
The heaut high ekes, small winde haue ouercast:
When slender weedes, in roughest weather grow,

Cur

of daintie Deuises.

Euen so pale death, oft spares the married wight,
And wounderth you, who wallow in delight.

You lustie youtches, that nourish high desire,
Abuse your plumes, which makes you looke so bigge,
The Colliers Tut, the Courtiers Steede will tire:
Euen so the Clarke, the Parsons graue both digge,
whose happe so is, yet here long life to winne.
Doth heape God wott, but sorrow vpon sinne.

And to be short, all sortes of men take heede,
The thunderboltes, the loslie towers teare,
The lightning flash, consumes the house of reede:
Pea moze in time, all earthy thinges will weare,
Saue onely man, who as his earthly rime is,
Shall liue in woe, or els in endlesse blisse.

FINIS. G. Gask.

A wittie and pleasant consaite.

What sonde delight, what fancies straunge,
what deepe despight, what sobaine chaunge:
what stilling strife, what deepe debates,
Doe runne so rife, in boltshe pates.

Who betwes and sees, and takes no heede,
who seekes degrees, and can not speede:
In steade of ioyes, shall reape such woes,
As breed annopes, twixt frendes and foes.

who wining waxes, and liues alone,
when thyrting scantes, is owerthowne:
who seekes to thriue, and finde no way,
Shay chaunce to striue, and inarre the play.

who spendes his wealch, and winnes the wine,
Doth hurt himselfe, and helpe the swine:
who hanttes the house, where Ale is sold,
Shay gayne a croust, and lose his gold.

The Paradise

Who spins by spight, and reeles to woe,
Who takes delight, in roling fo:
Doth dubbe him selfe, a yroule hedde,
And bynges yroule foole to bedde.

Who rides a loft, and cannoe rule,
Who sits not loft, and keepes his ftoole:
Doth both content, them selfe with wrong,
But wifemen will not use it long.

FINIS. I.H.

*The complaint of a Sinner. And song by the Earle
of Essex upon his death bedde in Ireland.*

O Heauently God, O Father deare, cast downe thy tender eye,
Upon a wretche, that prostrate here, before thy face doth lye:
O poure thy precious oyle of grace, into my wounded hart,
O let the dropes of mercy swage, the rigour of my smart.

My fainting soule suppressed sore, with carefull clogge of sinne,
In humble soze submittes it selfe, thy mercy for to winne:
Graunt mercy then, O Saviour sweete, to me most wofull thrall,
Whose mournfull crye, to thee O Lord, doth still for mercy call.

Thy blessed will I haue despised, upon a stubburne minde,
And to the sway of worldly thinges, my selfe I haue inclinde:
Forgetting heauen, & heauently powers, where God and Saints do dwell,
My life had like to tread the path, that leads the way to hell.

But now my Lord, my Lovesarre bright, I will no more do so,
To thinke vpon my former life, my hart doth melt for woe:
Alas I sigh, alas I sobbe, alas I doe repent,
That euer my licentious will, so wickedly was bent.

Sith thus therefore, with carefull plaint, I do thy mercy craue,
O Lord for thy great mercies sake, let me thy merrie haue:
Restore to life the wretched soule, that is like to dye,
So shall my voyce vnto thy name, sing praise eternally.

Now

of daintie Deuises.

Now blessed be the Father first, and blessed be the Sonne,
And blessed be the holy Ghost, by whom all thinges are done:
Blesse me O blessed Trinitie, with thy eternall grace,
That after death my soule may haue, in heauen a dwelling place.

FINIS. F. Kndlemarke.

*The fruite that springes from wilfull wittes, is sad and ruine rage:
And sure what headlesse youth committes, repentance ruees in age.*

I Rage in restlesse youth, and ruines rule my dayes,
I rue (too late) my restlesse youth, by rules of reasons wayes:
I ranne so long a race, in searcke of surest way,
That leysure leaue me trade, the trace that lead to leude decay.
I gaue so large a rayne, to unrestrained bitte,
That now with prooofe of after payne, I waile my want of witte:
I trised forth the time, with trust to selfe conceiptes,
Whill plenties use pyght forth my time, to seke for sugred baites.
wherein once learnde to finde, I founde so sweete a tast,
That due foresight of after speede, selfe will esteemed wast:
which will throughe wilfulnesse, hath wrought my witlesse fall,
And heedelesse yowthes unskilfulnesse, hath lapt my life in thall.
whereby by prooofe I know, that pleasure breedeth paine,
And he that euill seede doth sow, euill fruite must reape againe:
Let such therfore whose yowth, and yertes are in prime,
Forsce and shunne the helpelesse rutch, which sues mispent of time.
For want is next to wast, and shame doth sinne ensue,
Euill speeding prooofe hath heedelesse hast, my selfe haue proued it true:
When neighbours next house burnes, tis time therof take heede,
For fortunes wheele hath choise of turnes, which chasge of chaunces breede.
By sayle hath bene aloft, though now I beare but low:
who climbs so high seeld falleth soft, deaddst ebbe hath highest flow.

FINIS. q. Tloop.

Maister Edwardes his I may not.

In may by kinde Dame Nature wills, all earthly mights to sing,
In may the new and coupled foules, may ioy the liuely spring:
In May the Nightingall, her notes doth warble on the spray,

The Paradise

In May the birdes their moultie neastes, doe timber as they may.
In May the swift and turning Varte, her bagged belly flakes.
In May the little sucking Calaxes, doe plaie with tender flage:
All creatures may, in Maie be glad, no may can me remoue,
I sorrow in May, since I may not, in May obtaine my loue.

The stately Varte in Maie doth mure, his olde and palmed beames,
His state renews in May, he leapes to view Appollos fireames:
In Maie, the Bucke his hoyned toppes, doth hang vpon the pale,
In Maie, he seekes the pastures greene, in ranging euerie Dale.
In Maie, the vgly speckled Snake, doth cast her lothsome skinne,
In Maie, the better that he may increas his scaly skinne:
All things in May I see, they may reioyce like Turtle doue,
I sorrow in Maie since I may not, in May obtayne my loue.

Now may I mourne in fruitfull Maie, who may or can redresse,
Why maie is sorrow since she that may, with holdes my maie a freshe:
Thus I must may in pleasaunt Maie, till I may May at will,
With her in Maie, whose may my life, now may both saue and spill.
Contented heartes that haue your hope, in May you may at large,
Untolde your ioyes, expell your cares, and bask in pleasure barge:
Saue I alone in Maie, that may lament for my behoue,
I mourne in Maie, till that I may, in May obtaine my loue.

FINIS.

The complaint of a sorrowfull Soule.

O Soueraigne salue of sinne, who doe it my soule behold,
That seekes her selfe from tangling faulres, by striding to vnfold,
What plea shall I put in, when thou doe it summons send:
To iudge the people of the earth, and giue the worlde and end,
When euery beebe and weede, yea euery secret thought,
In open view of all the worlde, shall vnto light be brought.

So many Iudges shall against me sentence giue,
As by example of good woordes, hath taught how I should liue:
So many pleaders shall consound my careful case,
As haue in one by sound aduise, sought to encrease by grace.

of daintie Deuises.

25

So manie shall that time, against me witnesse beare,
As haue beheld my fruitlesse faith, and saw my sinnes appeare.

Whereon while I do muse, in my amazed minde,
Froward thoughts, familiar foes, most fiers assaults I finde:
My conscience to my face, doth flatter me accuse,
My secret thoughtis within my eares, do whisper still these newes.
Mine auarice and hyberie, my pride doth bragge me downe,
Mine cruell fets me like a file, at other folks renowne.

Concupiscence inflamcs, and lusts my limmes infect,
My meate doth burthen, and my drinke my weaknesse doth detect:
My flanders rend my fame, ambition doth supplant,
My greedinesse is not content, but makes me waile for want,
My mirch but flatterie is, my sorowes are vnhinde,
Such pleasures runne me out of bzeath, and greets suppressle my minde.

Behold my God, whose might, maie me a freeman make,
These were my freends, whose counsels curst, I was content to take:
These were the lawlesse Lords, whom I did serue alwaie,
These were the maisters whose madde beds, I did too much obaie
Behold my faulcs most foule, which follie first did frame,
In louing them I should haue loathed, when hyspeth all my bame.

Now I do looke aloft, with bashful blushing face,
On glorie thine, that so I maie discerne my owne disgrace
My manie spots and great, must needs encrease my gile,
Unlesse thou wash them in the bloud, that for my sake was spile.
Forgiue the faulcs O Lord, which I from hart repent,
And graunt my daies to come, maie be in thy sweet seruice spent.

FINIS. I. Heiwood.

¶ Alluding his state to the prodigall child.

THe wandring youth, whose race so rashly runne,
Hath left behinde, to his eternall shame:
The thyslelike title of the Prodigall sonne,
To quench, remembraunce of his other name,

¶ 4

¶ Paie

The Paradise

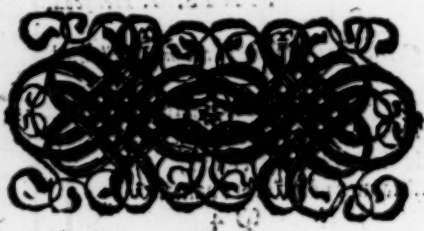
Hate now denide, the burden of his blame,
With me, whom wretchedlesse thoughts troubled still;
To tread the track of his unruly will.

Heooke his childes part, at his fathers handes,
Of Gods free grace, his giften I did receiue:
He travels farre, in manye foraigne landes,
My restlesse minde, would neuer raging leaue.
False queanes rid him, of all his coine bereaue,
Fond fancies stult my bzaime with such abuse:
That no good hap could serke to any use.

They bzane him out, when all his penie was spent,
My lustes left me, when strenged with age was woyn,
He was full sayne, a f erman hoggs to tent;
My life misles, did scape deseru'd scoyne,
Throug hunger huge, where with his trips were coyn,
He wisht for swadges, even in wisht I mist woyne,
In fruitlesse pleasure, fondly to remoyne.

Now to come home with him, and pardon pray,
My God I say, against the heauens and thee,
I am not worthy, that my lipps should say:
Behold thy handie worke, and pitie me,
Of mercy pet my soule, from faulders set free.
To serue thee here, till thou appoint the time,
Throug Christ, vnto thy blessed toyes to climbe.

FINIS. J. Herwood.



Collected by
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